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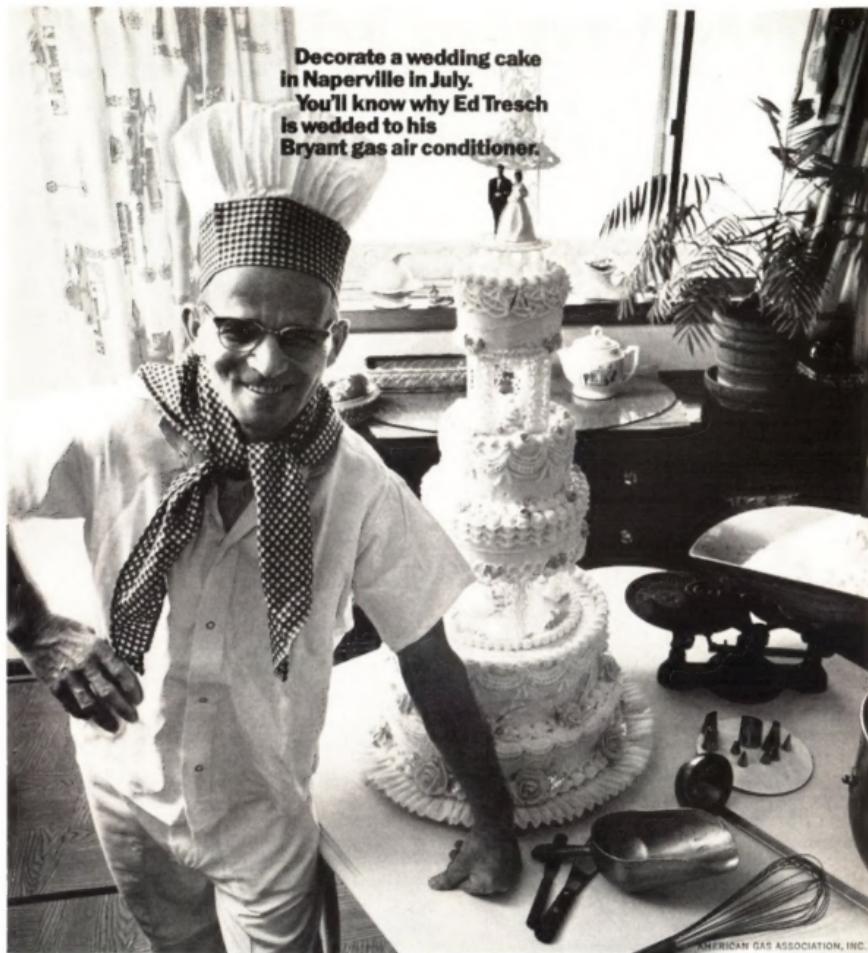
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Question—How recently have you reviewed the trend of contributions to corporate retirement funds? The increase, compared to prior years, may shock you. The cost line is headed inexorably north by east, and is not likely to flatten out.

Question—Do you apply the same top-level attention to the supervision of your retirement fund as you do to divisional operations? Or are you overlooking this area of major corporate concern?

Question—Is the investment performance of your fund being measured? Without such measurement, how can you fulfill your responsibility in this area? How can management assess the effect of proposals to change pension plan benefits?

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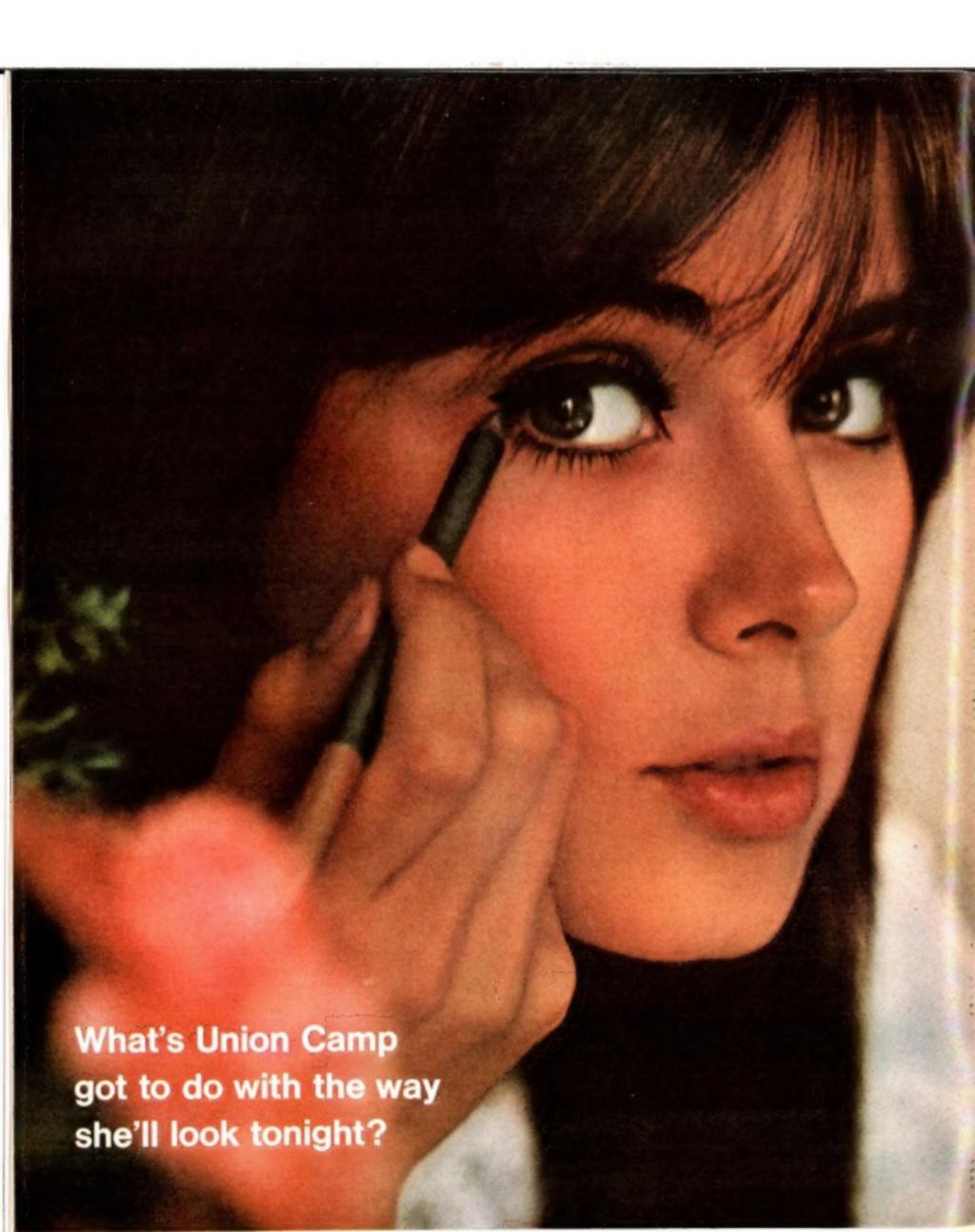
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Union Camp

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 29

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Cliff Robertson, Jo Van Fleet, Michael Sarrazin, Michael Constantine and Bettye Ackerman star in "Verdict for Terror," the story of a bizarre trial and its aftermath—in which the son of an executed man tries to prove that the prosecuting attorney went far in order to advance his political career.

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.) A. B. Guthrie's frontier saga, *These Thousand Hills* (1959), stars Don Murray, Lee Remick, Richard Egan and Stuart Whitman.

THE DANNY KAYE SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Diahann Carroll is Danny's guest.

Thursday, March 30

COLISEUM (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) Roy Rogers and Dale Evans host the 1967 Pacific Championship Indoor Rodeo from Long Beach, Calif., with the New Christy Minstrels on hand to help things along.

THE CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.) Cliff Robertson again, this time as a hard-case hood out to avenge his father's gangland slaying in *Underworld U.S.A.* (1961).

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE AND RED DANUBE (ABC, 10-11 p.m.) A trip down the oft-sung river, taking in the sights on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Maximilian Schell narrates.

Friday, March 31

THE CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:30 p.m.) The dramatic changes in human personality brought about by the stress of war are vividly portrayed in Carl Foreman's 1963 epic, *The Victors*. The cast: Vincent Edwards, Albert Finney, Melina Mercouri, Jeanne Moreau, George Hamilton, Eli Wallach, George Peppard, Elke Sommer, Peter Fonda, James Mitchum and Senta Berger.

Saturday, April 1

THE SMITHSONIAN (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.) "Catlin and the Indians," the life and works of George Catlin, famed painter of American Indians, with Bill Ryan as narrator.

THE \$100,000 FIRESTONE P.B.A. TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS (ABC, 3:30-5 p.m.) The Professional Bowling Association finals from Akron, Ohio.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.) The Vail International Giant Slalom from Vail, Colo., and the N.C.A.A. Wrestling Championship from Kent, Ohio.

Sunday, April 2

DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.) A sampling from the works of Israel's Nobel-prize-winning author, S. Y. Agnon.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.) Vice President Hubert Humphrey is interviewed by five members of the foreign press in London via the Early Bird satellite.

FRONTIERS OF FAITH (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.) The first of a four-part special on Protestantism: "The Church Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." The opener, "Ashes of the Martyrs," deals with the Reformation.

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.) The second annual CBS Billiards Classic, featuring four of the world's best

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players (Luther Lassiter, Cicero Murphy, Joe Balsis and Frank McGowan) in Manhattan. Plus an African safari through the Kilimbero River Valley, Tanzania.

NBC EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4-5 p.m.) Nanette Fabray narrates "Theater of the Deaf," which takes a look at three leading directors (Arthur Penn, Joe Layton and Gene Lasko) working with deaf actors at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation in Waterford, Conn. Scenes from *Kismet*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Hamlet*, *All the Way Home* and *South Pacific*.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.) "The Deep Frontier" deals with all the new submarines, diving bells and other devices that scientists are developing to explore and utilize the ocean depths.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) "A Salute to Alaska" is a tribute to the country's northernmost outpost on its 100th anniversary under the U.S. flag.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN (CBS, 9-11 p.m.) Mildred Dunnock and Lee J. Cobb recreate their original roles in Arthur Miller's prizewinning play. Repeat of an outstanding TV production, first done May 8, 1966.

Monday, April 3

SNAP JUDGMENT (NBC, 10-10:30 a.m.) *The Tonight Show's* Ed McMahon starts his own show, in which two teams play a word-association game. Premiere.

DATELINE: HOLLYWOOD (ABC, 10:30-11 a.m.) Joanna Barnes emcees a daily behind-the-scenes look at the lives of Hollywood stars. Premiere.

ONE IN A MILLION (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-noon) A daily panel show emceed by Singer Danny O'Neil. Premiere.

FRANK SINATRA: A MAN AND HIS MUSIC—**THE KING** (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.) "The King" returns with his daughter Nancy as his sole support. Another excellent repeat.

Tuesday, April 4

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) "The National Science Test." Having already tested its viewers on driving, health, income tax and politics, CBS now wants to find out how much they know about the sciences.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays) "The Smoking Spiral." A report by special investigating teams sent to San Diego, Washington, New York, London, and Lexington, Ky., to find out what has happened since the Surgeon General's 1964 report on smoking. The investigators talk to legislators, doctors, tobacco-industry officials and smokers.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING, Robert Anderson uses sex to ski through four separate playlets, and the trip is thoroughly enjoyable—even if a trifle obsessive. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard slalom through the comedy with dazzling grace, while Director Alan Schneider unfurls the humor in a blizzard of hilarity.

THE HOMECOMING, British playwright Harold Pinter never shouts. He whispers, and his whispers echo endlessly. Performed by members of the Royal Shakespeare



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Company and directed by Peter Hall. His drama is as entertaining as it is compelling. Whispering of family, of love, of men and women, of exploitation, every word carries weight, every pause makes a point.

BLACK COMEDY, by Peter Shaffer, might be called "Blowout." A frantic two-timer and furniture snatcher (Michael Crawford) tries to salvage his romance and career in an antic blindman's bluff when the lights go out on a crucial, crowded evening.

THE APA REPERTORY COMPANY, with Rosemary Harris, offers a well-conceived, well-balanced dramatic diet for those who hunger for theatrical classics and hits of the past: *School for Scandal*, *The Wild Duck*, *War and Peace* and *You Can't Take It with You* are given rousing revivals.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT. The humor of Michael Jander and Donald Swann's revue resembles a martini: smooth, sly and definitely dry.

Off Broadway

HAMP. John Wilson probes the conflict between discipline and compassion in an absorbing drama about a court-martialed amidst the guns of World War I. Robert Salvo's portrayal of Private Hamp, a pebble of innocence crushed by the inexorable wheels of the military machine is both sensitive and touching.

AMERICA HURRAH, by Jean-Claude van Itallie, erupts on the theatrical landscape, pouring a lava of satire, comment and invective over some questionable aspects of modern life. Three playlets, *Interview*, *II* and *Motel*, are inventively directed by Jacques Levy and Joseph Chaikin and interpreted by a flawless cast.

EH? is Henry Livings' broad farce that asks whether a young man with a merry-go-round mentality can find happiness in a square world.

CINEMA

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor frolic through Shakespeare's salty salvo in war between the sexes, expertly directed by Italy's Franco Zeffirelli, who mixes bawd and *hito* on a Renaissance palette.

FALSTAFF. Orson Welles is both director and star of this amalgam of scenes from five of Shakespeare's history plays in which the Bard's "bombard" of a buffoon dominates the stage. The film flickers with the glitters of genius—admit great stony stretches of dullness and incoherence.

PERSONA. Swedish Director Ingmar Bergman's 27th film (and first in 21 years) is a difficult but rewarding study of the psychological transference between an actress (Liv Ullman), who stops participating in life, and a nurse (Bibi Andersson), whose personality becomes enmeshed in that of her actress patient.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. A moderately successful reincarnation of the 1961 Broadway musical hit, with Robert Morse and Rue McClanahan still excellent in their original roles.

THE MURDER AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Peter Weiss's play, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company and directed by Peter Brook, was the decade's most cinematic drama, as this film version of it brilliantly demonstrates.

DUTCHMAN. Subways are not for sleeping in this 55-minute rendering of LeRoi

Jones's racial shocker that slams through the spectator like a jolt from the third rail.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW. Both the faults and freshness of the custard-pie plot and wacky camera work that tell the story of a young cutting loose in Manhattan stem from the vast, undisciplined energy of Director Francis Ford Coppola: a new talent worth watching.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Playwright Robert Bolt, Director Fred Zinnemann and Actor Paul Scofield have all been nominated for Academy Awards for their contributions to this excellent film about Sir Thomas More.

BOOKS

Best Reading

DISRAEELI, by Robert Blake. An Oxford historian's excellent biography of the brilliant and irreverent Prime Minister whose gaiety and wit infuriated his Victorian contemporaries even as they illuminated the issues—and pretenses—of his time.

JOURNEY THROUGH A HAUNTED LAND, by Amos Elon. An Israeli journalist takes a long, thoughtful trip through Germany and writes of the "moral schizophrenia" and conflicting values that haunt the country a generation after the death camps.

THE UNICORN GIRL, by Caroline Glyn. The 19-year-old novelist takes a fresh look at the passions and perils of early adolescence in a properly upsetting setting: a chaotic Girl Guide summer camp.

A SHORTER FINNEGANS WAKE, by James Joyce, edited by Anthony Burgess. Novelist Burgess (*A Clockwork Orange*) has pulled Joyce's astronomical Dublin masterpiece into the general reader's field of vision simply by cutting out two-thirds of it. There is still plenty of wit and wordplay left.

THE SOLDIER'S ART, by Anthony Powell. War's brutal choreography, scored in the eighth novel of Powell's marathons masterpiece. Here, his central character, Nick Jenkins, dances mindlessly through the bumf (paper work) that accompanies all programmed violence—in this instance, World War II.

BLACK IS BEST, by Jack Olsen. A sharp-eyed biography of Cassius Clay that unerringly—and engagingly—separates fact from big-mouth chaff.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Secret of Santo Vittorio*, Crichton (2)
3. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (3)
4. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (5)
5. *The Captain*, De Hartog (4)
6. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (7)
7. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (9)
8. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (6)
9. *Five Smooth Stones*, Fairburn (8)
10. *Tai-Pan*, Clavell (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (1)
2. *Everything But Money*, Talcson (2)
3. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (6)
4. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (5)
5. *Inside South America*, Gunther (7)
6. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (3)
7. *Games People Play*, Berne (4)
8. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (10)
9. *How to Avoid Probate*, Dacey (10)
10. *The Arrogance of Power*, Fulbright

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LETTERS

Saint & Sinner

Sir: Thank you for a most informative and forthright account of the story of the Protestant Reformation as seen through the eyes of that intriguing personage, Martin Luther [March 24]. I am grateful that this generation is increasingly developing an appreciation for this remarkable German Christian who was both saint and sinner at the same time. Luther may have rediscovered the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but he belongs to the whole Christian Church and not to Lutherans alone. Your compelling article goes a long way toward making this clear.

(THE REV.) GEORGE F. SPIEKER
Robeson Lutheran Church
Mohnton, Pa.

Sir: Your Luther story is an incisive appraisal of the man and his dimensions. It will become part of the permanent collection in my parish library and required reading for my senior confirmations.

(THE REV.) JOHN M. BENDJAR
Saints Peter and Paul Lutheran Church
Hazleton, Pa.

Sir: Your story about Luther is so intensely interesting and so wonderfully enlightening that I want to thank you for it with all my heart.

As a Lutheran and the author of *Katherine, Wife of Luther*, I spent many years studying the times and life of this great, God-sent man. The only thing I can't quite agree with, even though Roland Bainton has said it, is that Luther was, by the time of his death, "an inescapable old man." The last two weeks before Luther's death he was obliged to spend in Mansfeld to restore peace between two quarreling brothers. During these two weeks he wrote five lively letters to Kate, telling her how much he loved her and extolling her to "pray, pray."

CLARA SUEEL SCHREIBER
Chicago

Sir: Those of us responsible for planning the Lutheran observance of the 450th Reformation Anniversary are deeply grateful to you for a superb cover story. It captures the rationale of the observance in a most thought-provoking manner.

DALE E. GRIFFIN
Anniversary Coordinator
St. Louis, Mo.

Harvest of Wrath

Sir: TIME's Essay "The Mind of China" [March 17] is a masterly synopsis; this old China hand is happy to find such erudition coming out of the West. But I believe the present China turmoil to be more political than a philosophical problem.

The cities of China have been traditionally governed by boards of elders, mainly local merchants, Emperors Genghis and Kublai Khan, and those of the late Manchu dynasty, accepted the system and financed their activities by levying tribute on the cities according to size.

There is a widespread belief in China that a national government is not only unnecessary, but all bad. After the collapse of the Manchu dynasty in 1911, Sun Yat-sen and Generals Wu Pei-fu and Chiang Kai-shek all tried to unify the country, but failed because the city fathers wouldn't cooperate.

Mao Tse-tung came to power in the traditional way, by slaughtering his enemies. By operating on a grand scale, he

even gained temporary control of the cities. Now he is reaping his reward.

ROY DOOLAN
Heraldtsburg, Calif.

Sir: Only a gentleman's C for TIME's attempt to regurgitate in two pages all the current clichés about the Chinese mind. I was especially amused to read that "China failed for so long to develop natural sciences" because of a "mystical rather than analytical preoccupation with numbers"; I had just demonstrated to my seminar on traditional Chinese science at M.I.T. how an interpolation technique developed in the 1st century B.C. had been applied to the solution of equations like $2x^3 - 85x^2 - 85x - 87 = 0$. Our next topic is the calculation of eclipses a century later. Please note that the first five volumes (five more are coming) of Joseph Needham's monumental *Science and Civilization in China* contain 404 pages of bibliography.

N. SIVIN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: The impossibility of characterizing China and the Oriental mind is admirably documented by the seeming contradiction in your essay. To point out both that one of the basic characteristics of the Chinese mentality is to submit to the omnipresent, inexorable power of the universe and that, at the same time, there is a persistent Chinese belief in the power of the human mind to "move heaven and earth" is perhaps intellectually abrasive to many of us here in the West; yet it is true. You have made a contribution to the elucidation of what you call "the idea of China." However, all of us ought to bear in mind the wisdom of the Japanese professor who said that it is only when you feel you know nothing about the Japanese that you begin to know something about them. That is equally applicable to the Chinese.

JEREMY D. COOK

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Friends of the Family

Sir: Your piece on Britain's justly noted Redgrave sisters [March 17] was excellent, especially for its comments on the modern moviegoer. An increasingly educated and intelligent American public cannot accept the glittering bedroom farces and unreal gods and goddesses that Hollywood is, unfortunately, famous for. Let the American film industry take a cue from the realistic poignance of Julie Christie's *Darling* or Lynn Redgrave's *Georgy Girl*.

ALVIN CORDEAUX

Baton Rouge, La.

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Sir: That the Redgraves "have been recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as the first family of stage and screen" is fine and dandy. But I find it absurd to honor them as "the nearest thing to the Barrymores that the era has produced." I have had occasion to see both Lynn and Vanessa perform, and have gone away unimpressed. The Barrymores' acting talent has left me a lifelong admirer of Lord Lionel, Jovial John and Exquisite Ethel.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Manteno, Ill.

Lemma Dilemma

Sir: Professor Bloom gets a zero on his "proof" that our math students don't total up [March 17]. A couple of left out lemmas: the U.S. is committed to educating *all* its students, believing, as Plato did, that ignorance of mathematics leaves a man ignorant indeed. Thus we have a far greater range of student abilities, motivation, and achievement, and would naturally score lower on the average than our European and Asian counterparts, who skip off their best students at an early age. It further follows that because of this ability separation, most foreign schools are able to offer both enriched and accelerated curriculums. When our funds permit greater provision for individual differences, and when teachers' salaries encourage skilled instructors to teach in the elementary and secondary schools, we'll narrow that gap.

D. THOMAS KING

Mathematics Chairman
James Madison Memorial High School
Madison, Wis.

Sir: I heartily agree that teachers colleges are to blame for the distressing lack of competence of teachers, not only in mathematics but in all subjects.

A clue to this decline in the quality of teachers is hinted at by Dr. Zacharias when he states that most teachers fail "to make math exciting." The educational system has unfortunately tried to make subjects "exciting" to the extent that nothing is being taught but the exciting aspects of subjects. Abstractions are presented before basics are mastered. The system has lost sight of a basic principle: learning is a discipline, a matter of hard work.

We must change our philosophy of education. This is almost impossible, because those in charge of our teachers colleges are bred on educationese, a term implying minimal knowledge of subject and maximal knowledge of "techniques."

J. V. HINDS

Hightstown, N.J.

Sir: The cure for mathophobia is one soroban (or Japanese abacus) per pupil

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beginning in the third grade, Western curriculum-smiths use the soroban as an instructional gimmick to teach place value and numbers; but there they drop it. Teach a child to play chopsticks on the piano—never, never teach him to play a sonata! If these gentlemen would cease looking down their noses at the soroban as a calculating tool without peer in the world and develop its full potential on this side of the Pacific, then Japan might have some fierce competition in arithmetic achievement. There is nothing wrong with American teachers or with American pupils.

ROBERT H. RUSHER

Hyannis, Mass.

Nothing Granted

Sir: Perhaps the most vexing, disappointing, frustrating and discouraging situation facing undergraduate students in the U.S. is the neglect we suffer because of the non-fulfillment of the university in its task of educating the undergraduate. We are indeed the "victims of grantsmanship." Our thanks to TIME for articulating this sentiment [March 17].

DEBORAH A. CANO, '68
Indiana University
Bloomington

Sir: "The Fine Art of Grantsmanship" omits some important points about university research.

Much of our basic understanding of man and his world has come from just such research. There are valid philosophical and practical reasons for searching the unknown, and once we know more about particular phenomena, we must share these findings with the world. It is convenient for the university to do this.

Admittedly, there are many instances where irrelevant, costly investigations have been conducted owing to a selfish motivation of the scientist. But the responsibility for the pursuit of questionable research does not rest solely upon the grant seeker: the sponsor plays a key role. There are people in key positions who are not qualified to make the impartial and tricks decisions needed in the selection of sound research programs. Casting the egghead as the villain in all instances is incorrect. The quotes from individuals who boast of their ability to "know" the sponsor are unfair to the majority of scientists, who are dedicated and strive to present the sponsor (and mankind) with tangible, significant results.

JOHN B. GALLAGHER
Worthington, Ohio

Time to Check

Sir: Relaxing with TIME, I came upon the headline "Limits on Children's Aspirin" [March 17], and was reminded that it was time to check my two small girls. I found the two children hiding in their room, the 5½-year-old doling out flavored aspirin to the two-year-old. Of the 50 1½-g. tablets, 18 were left in the bottle. We left immediately for the hospital emergency room, where the youngster's stomach was pumped.

ELIA FRINK

Yuba City, Calif.

Sir: The drug companies need to change the packaging of children's aspirin. They could seal each tablet in a cellophane or aluminum square, in the same way in which some other pills are packaged. It would take a child quite a while to tear these open.

MRS. CARL BAKER
North Aurora, Ill.

The Good Books

Sir: Reading that more and more ministers are turning to secular sources to illustrate their sermons [March 10], I am moved to pay tribute to a wise and witty teacher, Dr. Halford E. Luccock of Yale Divinity School. Thirty years ago in homiletics, he was teaching us not only the Scriptures, but also *Grapes of Wrath* and *Steal This Book*. From William Dean Howells and Henry James we plunged into the broader depths of modern writing. Many ministers, I am sure, will remember the day they walked into Halford Luccock's class to be introduced by so knowledgeable a man to the terrifying varieties of man's ability to sin or be saintly, through the works of the writers of our time.

ALBERT CHRIST-JYNE
Dean
Pratt Institute Art School
Brooklyn

Raising a Dart

Sir: Come now, isn't it about time you stopped quoting Sir Thomas Beecham's hackneyed old remark that Seattle was once a "cultural dustbin" [March 10]? Your story might give readers the idea that we in Washington are still riding around in buckboards, way, way out in the boondocks, accompanied by a time played on a musical comb. This impression is tiresome indeed, and as assinine as our assuming that all the residents of New York City live in tenements and are switchblade artists.

RICHARD H. CAMBRIDGE

Tacoma, Wash.

► *Apologies, and a promise to change our tune.*

The Whole Picture

Sir: Your coverage of the Henry R. Luce story [March 10] was so complete that I am requiring students in my History of American Journalism course to read it. Mr. Luce was the ideal journalist—curious, interested, filled with plans. You have captured the man's ability and talents and expressed it all excellently.

RAYMOND L. LUVY

Director of Journalism Studies
University of Toledo
Toledo, Ohio

Sir: The cover sketch of Henry R. Luce is as realistic as life. But "A Letter from the Staff" is the real picture, not of the face, but of the heart, spirit, soul and mind of an editorial genius.

LEWIS T. APPLE

Clayton, Mo.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 31, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 13

THE NATION

THE WAR

Pulling Together

When the Guam parley last week turned out precisely as the Administration had billed it—a routine review of the Viet Nam war—a sense of anticlimax swept the U.S. Considering that the President had assembled a score of top aides and hauled them 8,700 miles to a remote rock in the western Pacific, spending more time in the air (36 hours) than on the ground (34 hours), it was only natural that the nation should expect dramatic results. There were none. Johnson simply reaffirmed his determination to stand fast in Viet Nam until Hanoi is ready to talk. And judging from Ho Chi Minh's envenomed rejection of the latest U.S. peace proposal, Hanoi is far from ready.

Nonetheless, a note of optimism permeated the conference. "There are many signs that we are at a favorable turning point," the President said at the outset. That theme was elaborated in detail as U.S. and South Vietnamese officials met on Nimitz Hill, the U.S. naval

headquarters overlooking the Philippine Sea. Also in clear view from the spacious verandas on the Hill was a tangible reminder of the larger stakes—and risks—in the Viet Nam war: the Soviet trawler *Gidrofon*, laden with electronic snooping gear, lying just beyond the three-mile limit in order to monitor U.S. B-52 flights to Viet Nam and track the six Polaris subs based at Guam.

On the Run. The military situation in Viet Nam gave ample cause for confidence. South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Cao Ky said that the Communist forces in his country are "on the run" and pictured the supply system in the North as "in near paralysis." All the same, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara pointed out, the Reds are "by no means beaten."

Ky caused a sensation by suggesting that Hanoi ought to be hit even harder. "How long," he asked, "can Hanoi enjoy the advantage of restricted bombing of military targets? How long can the Viet Cong be permitted to take sanctuary in Cambodia? How long can supply trails through Laos be permitted to operate? How long can war materiel be permitted to come into Haiphong harbor? How long can the North be permitted to infiltrate soldiers and weapons across the demarcation line?" As to peace talks, Ky made it clear that he would not accept a coalition government that included the Viet Cong.

Red-Bound Copy. Though Ky's rhetorical questions stole the headlines, he spent most of his time on Guam assessing the progress that was being made in the "other war." He reported that 2,500,000 acres of farm land had been redistributed. In the rural pacification program, he noted that 24 of the 103 South Vietnamese civilians executed by the Viet Cong in the past week were members of revolutionary development teams—a measure of "the uneasiness they cause the Viet Cong."

Ky spoke with justifiable enthusiasm about his country's new constitution, and presented Johnson with a red-bound copy of the document. "The outstanding fact of the conference," said the U.S. President, "was Premier Ky's presentation to me of a constitution that is really in being." Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who will return to the U.S. next month as Ambassador at Large when Ellsworth Bunker replaces him in Saigon, was unstinting in his praise of the draft. One interesting

point, he noted, is that "the legislative branch, under this constitution, has really more authority, relative to the President, than the U.S. Congress has. If the President vetoes a bill, it can pass the bill over his veto by a simple majority, which is a reflection of the fear of dictatorial, arbitrary rule."

An additional token of political progress is that the first village and hamlet elections since 1964 will get under way next week in South Viet Nam. Within six months, national presidential elections will be held.

Whose Perfidy? Just before departing for Washington, Johnson took pains to emphasize that he foresaw no swift end to the war. "I think we have a difficult, serious, long-drawn-out, agonizing problem that we do not yet have the answer for," he said. "It is going to take a lot of extra effort and a good deal more time." The prospects for peace talks, he emphasized, are bleak. In the past two years, the U.S. has made 20 direct contacts with Hanoi. Since January alone, the President has dispatched five notes to Ho Chi Minh with various proposals



KY ON GUAM

In the same sampan . . .



JOHNSON SPEAKING IN THE RAIN
. . . toward a clear destination.

for talks. He ignored the first four, and when he finally deigned to answer the fifth, it was only to reject the offer in terms bristling with truculence.

The Administration had kept the recent exchange a closely guarded secret in order to avoid clogging a channel that could conceivably lead to peace. But while the President and his lieutenants were winging home from Guam, the North Vietnamese decided abruptly to use Ho's reply for propaganda purposes. As U.S. officials see it, Hanoi was probably subjected to strong pressure from Peking to strike a tough stance and reject any peace overtures. The purpose of publicizing Ho's message, said Hanoi, was to expose "to world opinion the stubbornness and perfidy of the U.S. rulers." As it turned out, Hanoi's tactic misfired and only accentuated its own insincerity.

Johnson's most recent message was delivered to North Viet Nam's Moscow embassy on Feb. 8, the first day of the four-day *Tet* truce in Viet Nam. The President expressed a desire "to arrange for direct talks in a secure setting away from the glare of publicity." Continued Johnson: "I am prepared to order a cessation of bombing against your country and the stopping of further augmentation of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam as soon as I am assured that infiltration into South Viet Nam by land and by sea has stopped."

Ho's reply was as polemical as Johnson's was restrained. "Half a million U.S. and satellite troops have resorted to the most inhuman weapons and the most barbarous methods of warfare," he charged. Accusing the U.S. of "monstrous crimes" and of waging a "war of aggression," Ho insisted that he would not consider peace talks unless the U.S. "unconditionally" halted its bombing of the North and "all other acts of war."

Ho's intemperate, irrational lan-

guage only underscored the President's seriousness and perseverance in seeking an end to the war. Even his long-time antagonist on Viet Nam, Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright, acknowledged that Johnson's approach had been "very reasonable." One of the few voices raised against the Administration was, not unexpectedly, that of New York's Democratic Senator Robert F. Kennedy, who maintained that Johnson had raised the price for peace talks by adding "the further condition that we have evidence that Hanoi has already ceased infiltration before we stop the bombing."

Emasculating Process. Johnson did indeed raise the price for talks—but he did it 14 months ago, when he decided that the U.S. would be ill advised to offer Hanoi a bombing pause in return for nothing more than a vague promise of negotiations. At that time, the President began demanding some form of de-escalation from Hanoi in exchange for calling off the bombers. His latest message did not go beyond that demand; it merely spelled out one possible form that de-escalation could take.

Johnson's hand was strengthened further during the week by two statements lending support to his present policy. One came from Socialist Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, who conceded in Tokyo that some Southeast Asian nations "may well prefer some permanent American military presence" to a repetition of "the process that is emasculating South Viet Nam." The other statement was made on the floor of the U.S. Senate.

For from Easy. There, Massachusetts Republican Edward W. Brooke, the only Negro in the chamber, rose to deliver his maiden speech. Fresh from a two-week Asian tour, Brooke recalled that in the past he had often argued that the U.S. "ought to take the first step toward creating a better climate for negotiations," possibly by halting its bombing of the North. But, he said, "everything I learned, not only in South Viet Nam but also in Japan, the Republic of China, the Colony of Hong Kong, Cambodia and Thailand, has now convinced me that the enemy is not disposed to participate in any meaningful negotiations at this time." That being the case, he continued, "I reluctantly conclude that the general direction of our present military efforts in Viet Nam is necessary. This is far from an easy position for me to take."

It was all the more difficult because most Negro leaders are opposed to the President on the war. Nevertheless, Brooke noted that "those most familiar with the East Asian mentality are convinced that the enemy still waits, still aspires to victory through collapse of the American will. Let there be no doubt in the mind of Ho Chi Minh or anyone else that the American people will persevere in their fundamental support of the South Vietnamese."

Lyndon Johnson reiterated his own



GRANT IN THE FIELD
Story with a moral.

determination to do so the night before the Guam conference broke up. Hosting a shrimp-creole dinner at Nimitz House, he told the story of a Vietnamese emissary who was dispatched to Washington in 1873 to seek help from President Grant against the invading French. Grant said no, and the agent sadly headed home. En route, he stopped in Yokohama to visit the U.S. consul, an old friend, and to exchange poems, as was the custom in those parts and times. The final line of the Vietnamese emissary's poem read: "Spiritual companion, in what year will you be together in the same sampan?" Said President Johnson: "Today we know the answer. We are together. And we know our destination."

ARMED FORCES

"I Care"

Joe Jacobs was a student of drama. At California's Stanford University, he majored in journalism, was also a football fan, a moviegoer, and had ambitions toward the theater. In October 1965, he enlisted in the Army; before he went to Viet Nam last September, he sent a formal letter to 100 of his friends, telling where he was headed. After his twin brother, mother and father got home from a European vacation, Jacobs began a gargantuan literary task: he wrote some 300 letters to his family, more to his Stateside friends, telling what the war was like and what it was about. Because of his interests and talents, Specialist Fourth Class Jacobs was tapped as a combat correspondent, a job that took him to the ever-changing front lines and gave him a chance to see more of the war than most of his rank. To his family and friends, he wrote what he saw and felt.

August 1966: "Dear Mom & Dad, I am, really, looking forward to going to



BROOKE AT BAO TRAI

Let there be no doubt in any mind.

Viet Nam. Please don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

Oct. 3, 1966: "I only know it's unlike anything I've ever known and that it's exciting and, in a strange way I can't expect you to understand, because I don't either, really it's fun."

Oct. 4, 1966: "Thanks for the cake. I appreciated the clippings, although of course Stanford's score [losing to Southern California 21-7] upset me. Oh well, maybe next year."

Oct. 11, 1966: "Occasionally we would see a wildflower, usually a sort of purple thistle thing, although I saw some interesting red ones with small leaves, and a white flower that looked like a morning glory, and one brilliant red torch ginger."

Nov. 11, 1966: "You said people wanted to know what I think about the war. I think the U.S. had no business getting involved in Viet Nam in the first place, when the French pulled out. But we are here now in a position of commitment so great that we could not simply pull out. As for the consensus, I would say that most of the guys here think it's a hot, dirty, stinking war and cannot wait to get home. But they feel that they have a job to do and must do it as well as they can. Does that help any?"

Nov. 29, 1966: "It's rough. You try to be brave—not brave as the absence of fear, but brave as the courage to keep up and go on. You want to scream and run and hide, but there's nowhere to go. You try to look ahead and see nothing but an unending, unchanging series of days—boring, frustrating, futile. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—a tale told by an idiot, and you're the idiot. It's 10:30 and I'm tired. I'll just have to write Aunt Jean and Aunt Helen and Aunt Charlotte tomorrow."

Jan. 6, 1967 (after a U.S.O. show): "I've never been enormously fond of Martha Raye, but her show is fun, and when she sings *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, it's really touching because, as she says, for most men here San Francisco is the last city they see when they leave. I guess the real reason that she keeps coming back [to Viet Nam] is a line from Sidney Brustein: 'I care, I care about it all. It takes too much energy not to care.'"

Jan. 11, 1967 (to brother Carly): "Last night we were mortared [and] this event has made me much more conscious of the possibility of my dying over here. If I am killed in Viet Nam, my death would make you the sole surviving son in the family, and as such you would be entitled to a 1-Y draft classification and therefore, for all practical purposes, you'd be draft exempt. Don't tell anyone about this letter—most especially Mom and Dad. And what the hell are we going to get them for their anniversary?"

Feb. 13, 1967 (on operations near the Cambodian border): "We moved forward to where the lead track [armored personnel carrier] was and I saw

two guys who had been hit by the Claymore [a type of shrapnel-throwing mine]. They were bleeding like crazy. I took a couple of pictures and moved on. The captain told me to stay there. I didn't say anything, but said to myself, 'The hell with you, buddy,' and moved into the jungle with the men of the patrol. All commanding officers have the idea that if a PIO man or civilian correspondent is out with them, it is their special duty to see that these men stay away from the action and any possible harm. What they do not realize is that to do that would mean not getting the real story . . . [Later] I realized that my glasses had been knocked off. Since I'm really pretty hopeless without my glasses, I can't focus a camera."

Feb. 14, 1967: "As you are aware from my past few letters, I have very narrowly escaped being wounded or



JOE JACOBS, 1965

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

possibly killed. I could of course not tell you when such incidents happen. Dad mentioned that you 'feel honored' that I write with the candor that I do, and I think you should realize that I write of such incidents not to worry you, but because I think you have this right. When I was moving toward the Claymore, I did not know exactly what lay ahead. I was frightened, but I knew that I could not do my job by staying back where the captain told me to stay. I could not go back when fighting started. I knew that I could not throw up when I saw men whose bodies were covered with blood. I knew that no matter what I wanted to do, I would not run, would not hide, would not cry."

On Feb. 16, 1967, Joe Jacobs rode "shotgun" on an ambulance headed for the field hospital at Tay Ninh in order to get a new pair of glasses. Inside the ambulance were two wounded G.I.s. Along the way, the ambulance hit a Communist land mine. The litter patients and the ambulance driver were killed outright. Joe Jacobs hung on, and he was evacuated to a surgical ward in Saigon; there, aged 22, he died.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Talks About Talks

Three weeks after President Johnson announced that the Soviet Union had agreed to discuss limiting nuclear arms, U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson called on Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Moscow for the first round of talks. Though Thompson and Gromyko conferred for only half an hour last week—and even then only on how the negotiations should be conducted—the importance of the session transcended the time spent.

The Russians have already deployed a limited anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) system around Moscow, and are thought to be extending it to other cities as well. If the U.S. followed their example, it would set off a new and immensely expensive round of the arms race (TIME ESSAY, Feb. 24) without, as Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has noted, adding one whit to the security of either side. Thompson's task is to convince the Russians, who have an almost paranoid regard for defense, that they have nothing to gain—and billions to lose—by attempting to upset the balance with an ABM fence.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Stretching the Limbs

*When a Man has Married a Wife, he finds out whether
Her knees & elbows are only glewed together.*

—William Blake

The states and cities, indissolubly wedded to the Great Society, have discovered to their chagrin that most of its distributive mechanisms—its knees and elbows—are glued together by a welter of rigid and overlapping legislation.

Never has federal money been more available to communities—and seldom has the source been harder to crack. Five separate agencies subsidize sewage treatment, three programs cater to the needs of deaf children, 30 aid training for teachers. Confusion about where to get what has brought forth so many catalogues that the Administration is preparing a Catalogue of Catalogues.

Of the nearly \$15 billion spent annually in 400 federal domestic programs, 70% is handled by state and local governments. To lubricate the process, Lyndon Johnson decided to form and send throughout the U.S. a task force of high federal officials directly involved in making his programs work.

Ridiculous Details. This team is led by a former Governor of Florida, general Farris Bryant, 52, who is the director of the Office of Emergency Planning but serves also as Johnson's chief engineer and evangelist of creative federalism. Last week federal men boarded one of the President's Boeing 707 jetliners, touched down in Washington State and Alaska to meet firsthand with their state counterparts. So far, the task force of better than a score of federal

officials has visited 19 states. The problems they have encountered have been as diverse as America itself.

In Alaska, the federal men were barraged with complaints about restrictions hampering sea imports to the state. In Washington State, officials heatedly complained to the visitors that announcement of a new federal power plant for Grand Coulee Dam caught the state by surprise—and wholly unprepared to provide the needed roadways.

Still in the 1800s? At earlier meetings, Johnson's flying squad heard Maryland officials complain about book-thick federal regulations, going into such "ridiculous" detail as one by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare demanding that nursing homes have doors exactly 4 ft. 2 in. wide. In Kansas, Superintendent of Motor Vehicles L. A. Billings railed against a flood of complicated directives on highway safety: "We have your 13 directives—any one of which would take five years to implement. And you want us to tell you how we'll meet them in one month."

Bryant and his team kept their cool. "Well," one of them admitted, "there is a lack of coordination and coherence in Washington. This is why we're here, isn't it?"

The problems, it turned out, are not all Washington's fault. The federal mission discovered how little control most Governors have over their legislatures, cabinets or budgets. Only a handful of states have changed their bookkeeping systems since the 19th century. Thirty of the states have legislatures that meet only every other year, thus often miss out on federal funds and new programs. Even worse, state officials tend to concentrate exclusively on their own bureaucratic fields. "We even had the pleasure of introducing one state official to another," marveled HEW's Deputy Under Secretary Dean Coston. "These two guys had never met."

4-C Program. During hearings last week before the Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations, it was all too evident that the same lack of coordination that exists between the federal and state governments also plagues relations between the states and local governments. In New York State alone, Senator Robert Kennedy pointed out, "there are 4,500 independent governmental units."

While the thrust of the previous Congress was the passage of Great Society legislation, the main task of the 90th Congress clearly is one of digestion and direction. Already the Administration has taken a seven-league step with the creation of a review board by which Governors and mayors can scrutinize federal programs and suggest how, and how much, Washington can aid their implementation. And Lyndon Johnson has called for a limb-stretching exercise that might be called the 4-C program: communication, consideration, consistency and coordination. In a rare mood of modesty, the President declared: "What remains for us now is to improve the quality of Government itself."

DEFENSE

The LOGLAND Jam

If Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has his way, the U.S. by 1970 will be able to speed American-based troops within hours to any trouble spot in the world. Key to McNamara's "rapid deployment concept" is an expanded airlift capacity centered on the C-141 Starlifter and the mammoth C-5A jet transport now abuilding at Lockheed's plant in Marietta, Ga. Equally important, if less spectacular, are the Fast Deployment Logistics Ships (FDLS) needed to haul the Army's tanks and trucks, artillery and ammunition, and "marry up" with the airborne troops.

Last week the seaborne segment of McNamara's grand strategy was rudely jolted. The Senate Armed Services Committee issued a report aimed at torpedoing the \$2 billion FDLS program before the first of its 30 ships ever reached the ways.

Policing the World? Challenging the cost of the program, the report noted that the FDLS, when deployed in forward areas, would require additional investment in both antisubmarine and anti-aircraft escort vessels. But the committee's main objections, reflecting the paradoxical attitude of Chairman Richard Russell—who helped steer the \$2 billion C-5A contract to his native Georgia—were that 30 civilian-manned ships would create the impression abroad that the U.S. "has assumed the function of policing the world."

The Pentagon retorted that the Navy already has 1,000 ships deployed around the world, but that the mere existence of this force has never swayed U.S. foreign policy. Moreover, as envisioned by McNamara, the FDLS fleet, like the airlift, would act as a deterrent to potential aggression; it would arrive at a trouble spot before the outbreak of war, thus would not require massive military escort. If the shooting had already started, all transports would have to be convoyed in any case. To critics who claim that airlift alone can do the job, the Pentagon points out that an additional complement of C-5As to haul the matériel would cost three times as much as the FDLS.

Pressing the Fight. In any of the three designs currently under consideration, it will be a fast (25 knots), big ship: some 40,000 tons (v. the liner *United States'* 52,000), 880 ft. long and 105 ft. in beam, allowing ready passage through the 110-ft.-wide Panama Canal. From a stern ramp, the FDLS will be able to roll off its 10,000 tons of cargo in ten hours at dockside, 20 hours over the beach. Up forward the FDLS will mount high-speed booms to handle 15 days' worth of supplies (ammo and food); aft of the superstructure will be a huge helipad to handle CH-54A Skycranes (for helicopter lift-off) and up to 500 fueled and flyable combat choppers.

Despite the Senate Committee's recommendation that this year's funding of \$289 million for FDLS be cut and the program halted, McNamara will press the fight in the House, where he has greater support. As ammunition against the critics, he has data from 17 reports compiled since 1964 by LOGLAND ("Logistics Support for Land Operations") and other Pentagon committees that strongly advocate the FDLS program. The reports show that McNamara's flexible response strategy would by its very speed alone slash the duration of conflicts by half, cut casualties to the U.S. and its allies and vastly reduce the amount of friendly territory that would have to be recaptured. Those considerations alone should ultimately clear the jam in LOGLAND.



DRAWING OF A FAST DEPLOYMENT LOGISTICS SHIP
Rude jolt for a grand strategy.

REPUBLICANS

A Delicate Business

As the star of a Republican gathering in Hastings, Neb., Illinois' junior Senator, Charles Percy, made the expectable gibe at Bobby Kennedy and the familiar pleas for party unity. Though he is a liberal on most issues, and at 47 a symbol of the G.O.P.'s rising generation, Percy heaped praise on Nebraska's venerable conservative Senators, Carl Curtis and Roman Hruska—with whom he had just parted company over ratification of the Soviet consular treaty. "I've learned a lot by listening to them," professed Percy. "Even when we don't vote together, we walk out of the Senate chamber arm in arm." Beamed Hruska: "That's my kind of Republican."

If the occasion and the oratory seemed routine, the response to Percy's adroit performance—in Nebraska and elsewhere—was considerably warmer than he could have anticipated. In fact, an increasing number of moderate-to-liberal Republicans fear that Michigan's Governor George Romney—still the pick of most G.O.P. centrists—may fade long before the convention. They are beginning to regard Chuck Percy as a potential candidate for the G.O.P. presidential nomination next year.

Occlusive Reaction. Romney continues to lead in polls matching him against Lyndon Johnson. Yet he has consistently failed to persuade some party professionals that he possesses the deftness and decision-making capacity—particularly on the overriding issue of Vietnam—to win. Percy, on the other hand, has pretty clearly marked out his own position. He argues that the U.S. should unilaterally set the time and place for peace negotiations, promising the North Vietnamese a bombing halt if and when they show up at the conference table. While a shade different from the Administration's fundamental *quid pro quo* stance, the Percy approach is not incompatible with Johnson's.

In the Senate, Percy has been the most active of the freshman Republicans, giving energetic support to ratification of the consular treaty and introducing a pet program to stimulate home ownership among low-income groups. His housing proposal attracted 27 co-sponsors, rare backing for a Senate neophyte.

Percy's cause has been indirectly strengthened by Romney's imperviousness to advice from seasoned professionals. Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, an astute former Republican national chairman, is one who has tried to point out to Romney some of his tactical problems. Romney's reaction was so occlusive that Morton is now concentrating his counsel on Percy.

Geometric Progression. More than any of the other liberal Republicans, Percy can get a sympathetic hearing from the Republican right. He supported Barry Goldwater after the 1964



PERCY & HRUSKA

Plenty of time to demur.

convention—though he later regretted it—while Romney rejected the national ticket. Goldwater never forgave Romney, and said of Percy last month: "I like Chuck. I've worked for him; he's worked for me, I'd support him."

Percy, of course, realizes that because of his novice status he must be more circumspect than the most remote crypto-candidate. It is a delicate business at best for him to maintain his visibility, enhance his reputation and at the same time appear unconsumed by ambition. So far, Percy has played it well. He chooses judiciously from the 50 to 75 speaking invitations he gets each week. Besides Nebraska, he has appeared recently in New Jersey, Michigan and Pennsylvania with no hint of delegate hunting. His stops next month include New Hampshire, which, like Nebraska, has an early presidential primary next year. He vehemently denies any desire to be a candidate. Yet he has so far refused to declare himself out of the Nebraska primary, pointing out reasonably enough that he has plenty of time to demur. He says he prefers to "take life in its progression." The coming months will tell whether his progression will be geometric.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Green Power

For the Negro, discrimination begins at home. From the antebellum caste system, under which house slaves were considered superior to field hands, to the lingering feeling that a light-skinned Negro is higher on the social scale than a darker one, Negroes have traditionally suffered from their own, as well as the white man's, prejudices. The isolation of most affluent Negroes from the civil rights struggle has been part of the same pattern.

Last week that pattern was significantly altered. Forty-seven of the country's

most successful Negroes formed the National Negro Business and Professional Committee and announced that it will raise \$1,000,000 a year to subsidize the N.A.A.C.P. legal-defense and educational fund. Individual Negro contributors will be asked to give \$1,000 to help the fund represent any citizen, white or colored, in civil rights suits—mostly to implement civil rights legislation of recent years.

Besides being the most ambitious self-help effort ever undertaken by moneyed Negroes, the fund drive represents a subtle repudiation of such radical activists as Stokely Carmichael and Floyd McKissick, who insist on black-only leadership for the rights movement. Like the N.A.A.C.P. proper, the independent N.A.A.C.P. legal-defense and educational fund has always had an integrated directorship.

Name on the Wall. George Harris, president of the Chicago Metropolitan Mutual Assurance Co. and one of the new drive's organizers, said of the young radicals: "We've waited almost a year to see them come up with a program. They haven't, and now we have." To Dr. Kenneth Clark, the Negro psychologist, the decision to wield green power rather than shout black power represents "part of our growing up." Prosperous Negroes, of course, have for many years contributed quietly to the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League and similar groups. "What makes this new move important," says Clark, "is that it takes the wealthy Negro away from the \$500 and his name on the wall"—meaning the \$500 life membership in the N.A.A.C.P., which gets the donor's name inscribed on a plaque at the organization's national headquarters in New York City.

With their own vehicle for racial advancement, wealthy Negroes will be able to demonstrate, however belatedly, that the road to equality lies through due process of law—not, as Adam Clayton Powell would have it, through defiance of the law.

The Bomb

The gold lining in Adam Powell's recently belied life has been the prospect of vast profits from *Keep the Faith, Baby*, his platter of preachy patter. In January, Powell bragged that the record would sell more than a million copies, earning him \$280,000 in royalties. But—relative to Powell's boast—the record has bombed. At most, 103,000 have been sold, and sales now are down nearly to nil. At the Record Shack on Harlem's 125th Street, Manager Buddy Franklin said that even at \$1.10 off the list price of \$4.79, *Faith* has become a dust catcher. Potential customers rarely buy the record after listening to it. "After they hear it once," said Franklin, "who needs it?"

Along with Asa Spaulding, president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co., and Dr. Percy Julian, a Chicago research chemist,

AGRICULTURE

Curds & Woe

The film clips that flashed across the nation's TV screens seemed like replays of the Depression. As thousands of members of the militant National Farmers Organization pitched in for the first widespread milk strike in 35 years, countless thousands of gallons were destroyed, and scattered violence rocked the usually peaceful valleys and villages of the nation's dairying country. Milk, the blandest beverage of all, overnight had become the most combustible fluid in 25 states.

In Falmouth, Ky., 400 farmers flooded the main intersection with their milk; in Paul, Idaho, thousands of pounds were dumped, symbolically, in front of a bank. Scores of fields in a score of states were churned into laetœal goo by the deluge, and in New Jersey—where farmers and their wives and children walked through a snowstorm to deliver their complaints to the statehouse—nearly 1,000,000 lbs. still warm from the cow, turned a Sussex County snowfield into curds and woe.

Shades of Poppaea. Health officials in Indiana made the bizarre complaint that rivers were suffering from milk pollution. In Daleville, Ind., two women frolicked for photographers in 400-gal. milk baths—a higher-cholesterol ablation than anyone has enjoyed since Nero's wife, Poppaea, took a daily dip in asœv's milk. In several towns, striking N.F.O. farmers bought up milk in stores, dumped it along with their own.

Frequently, direct action was taken to see that milk of nonstrikers did not

Dairymen customarily measure their product by weight rather than volume: one gallon equals 8.6 lbs.

reach the market. Bullets were fired into tank trucks to drain their cargo; others were balked by masked men, who sometimes destroyed the trucks along with their loads. Dynamite exploded in front of two houses in Michigan, a barn was burned in Southern Ohio, a hog house and 40 pigs went up in flames in Wisconsin. All milk going into Detroit was held up while health officials checked out a report—untrue, as it turned out—that it was laced with arsenic. Some truckloads were diluted with kerosene; in Marshall County, Tenn., at least one was spoiled with garlic.

The basic issue, of course, was money. While the average price of 8¢ to 10¢ a quart that dairymen receive for their milk has not changed for two decades, their production costs have risen markedly. This has forced thousands of farmers out of business. In Wisconsin, the nation's biggest dairy producing state, dairy farms shut down at the rate of 90 to 100 a week last year. The N.F.O. reasoned that if it could hold enough milk off the market, it could break the cycle and raise farmers' prices by 2¢ a quart.

A Little Lovemaking. By week's end, the strike had proved largely unsuccessful, though a few dairies closed and milk disappeared from store shelves in Nashville altogether. While more farmers endorsed the strikers' aims, many disapproved of their methods and ignored threats of violence. "As long as there are people going hungry anywhere," protested Wisconsin Dairymen William Blank, "I don't think any food should be willfully destroyed." Moreover, about half of the milk produced nationwide normally goes into such by-products as cheese, butter and ice cream, so that distributors with ample inventories were able to bottle all the fresh milk they needed to meet housewives' needs.

Charles Shuman, head of the conservative—and much larger—American Farm Bureau Federation (TIME cover, Sept. 3, 1965), chided N.F.O. members for misdirecting their protest. Shuman, who blames most agricultural ills on Washington and the Department of Agriculture, jests that the farmers should not dump milk but should use it to paint the White House fence instead. Shuman suggested that farmers would get higher prices by bargaining with food processors through cooperatives than by depending on federal subsidies. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman took a different tack, suggesting that "perhaps consumers should be prepared to pay a little more." Though he talked of promoting "a little lovemaking between the housewife and the farmer," Freeman had the near-impossible task of raising the farmer's price for milk while keeping it at the present levels for housewives. That would require far more love than Poppaea ever received from Nero—who, in a fit of rage, eventually kicked her to death.



YORTY BEING MADE UP FOR TV
A jolly big giant, indeedy.

CALIFORNIA

Sam's Show

Each Sunday night from 7:30 on, in the vast Los Angeles metropolitan area, the TV screen is an electronic Valhalla in which Ben Cartwright grapples with the Smothers brothers, Walt Disney with Perry Mason. For millions of viewers, the keenest new prime-time contender is a show-biz nonentity. Nevertheless, as star of the *Sam Yorty Show*, the mayor of Los Angeles, at 5 ft. 9 in., is a jolly big giant.

Ninety minutes long, in color and with a theme song groaned by Bing Crosby, Yorty's show on its first two exposures proved at least that a quirky- provocative off-screen performer can upstage Donald Duck on the air. Sam bantered with Art Linkletter ("I don't want to embarrass you, Art, but what are you running for?") "I'm running for home in a few minutes"; consoled Neighbor Lippi Hedren on the horrendous reviews of her new movie, *4 Cousins from Hong Kong*; helped Pierre Salinger, a sometime political Joe, plug both his employer (Continental Airlines) and his book (*With Kennedy*). Each guest—the first two shows included Comedian George Jessel, Actor Hans Conried and sundry starlets—walked off with an autographed copy of *Maverick Mayor*, a 256-page Yorty biography.

"I've Been There." Most of all, Yorty boosted his namesake, who has his eye squarely on 1968 and Republican Thomas Kuchel's Senate seat, giving the mayor full opportunity to demonstrate the command on world affairs that he has gleaned on twelve trips abroad since 1961. Before ministrated Chris Noel, the G.I.'s disk jockey in Viet Nam (TIME, Nov. 25), could even flutter her eyelashes, Yorty turned to a map of Southeast Asia and launched into Pol. Sci. 101, touching on the Ho Chi Minh trail, North and South Viet



MILK DUMPING IN KANSAS
Go paint the house white.

Nam, the Viet Cong, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand. His prescription for ending the war: escalation.

"I'm glad I've been there twice," he confided to Jessel in the all-channel understatement of the evening. "I feel I understand it better, and I don't mind talking about it." Not to be outdone, Jessel averred that he had been wounded by an "enemy bullet" on a 1965 visit to Viet Nam, then assured Angelenos that they were getting full value for their mayor's peregrinations.

Show-biz-wise indeed. Yorty's first show topped *Perry Mason*, *It's About Time* and *Truth or Consequences*. The critics were not altogether kind. Along with a mix from *Varier*, Sam's show prompted a double-edged encomium from Los Angeles Times TV Critic Hal Humphrey. "Would it be fair to say," asked Humphrey, "that Yorty makes as good a TV host as he does a mayor? Probably."

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Infamous Cobra

Jack Ruby did almost nothing—except to murder Lee Harvey Oswald. According to the Warren Report, he conducted his banking from his "pockets and the trunk of his car," dispensed cash generously to his pals and cared little about repayment, ran up an estimated \$50,000 debt in legal fees, and at the time of his death last January in Dallas, owed the Federal Government about \$44,000 in back taxes. To complicate matters even further, Ruby made out three separate wills, dividing his non-estate (mostly personal effects) among sisters, nephews and a friendly prison guard. Last week, as lawyers in Dallas and Detroit—where his brother Earl lives—waded through the financial morass, it appeared that the strip-joint owner's most valuable possession was the snub-nosed .38 Cal. Cobra revolver with which he killed Oswald. Collectors have reportedly offered as much as \$50,000 for the gun.

PUERTO RICO

El Peñón Place

For months, the island had buzzed with the rumor. Last week it became official. Characteristically, the man who made it so was Puerto Rico's Governor Roberto Sanchez Vilella, the target of San Juan's busy tongues. A quiet, pipe-smoking grandfather known for his "ilustrious conscience," Sanchez confessed to the people of his Roman Catholic country that he had left his wife of 30 years and would leave politics at the end of his four-year term in 1968—all for the woman he loves.

Sanchez, 54, said that he hoped to marry twice-divorced Jeannette Ramos Buonomo, 36, an attractive attorney who, until last month, had been his legislative assistant from the time he was elected Governor two years ago.

However, Conchita Dapena de Sanchez Vilella insisted that she would not give the Governor a divorce. "It is true that a separation does exist," she told a news conference. "However, I have neither sought it nor provoked it, nor have I caused it to occur."

Problem of Conscience. Sanchez openly courted Jeannette, parked his official black Cadillac limousine in front of her home so often that the neighbors got in the habit of gathering outside to wave at him as he left. Jokers even started calling the area "Peyton Place." Yet, unlike many Puerto Rican men, Sanchez could not bring himself to conduct a covert affair. It was, he explained, "a problem of conscience. People say, 'You ought to hide the car.' But if it's something worthwhile and

ies. A San Juan women's club demanded that Sanchez resign and heatedly denounced his reported affront to the "dignity of Puerto Rican womanhood." Explained one clubwoman: "The closing of the office is, in fact, the excuse we are using. What we really must do is demand respect and consideration for Doña Conchita, for in her we are all represented." More than 1,000 women signed a petition calling for Sanchez's resignation, but he insisted that he would serve out his term. It was still too early to assess what effect, if any, the scandal will have in July, when the voters must decide whether they want their island to remain a commonwealth, become the 51st U.S. state or try independent nationhood. Most observers were still predicting that the common-



GOVERNOR SANCHEZ & JEANNETTE

As the romance blossomed, so did the duties.

honest, how can you go underground? I felt I owed it to myself and to her and to everyone."

It could not have been an easy situation for anyone concerned. While Sanchez worked in his second-floor office of La Fortaleza, the Governor's mansion, with Jeannette near by, his wife occupied a ground-floor office almost directly underneath, where she held court as the commonwealth's first lady. As the romance blossomed, so did Jeannette's governmental duties. Before she resigned, she not only acted as the Governor's assistant but also headed the Department of State, the protocol section, the Institute of Culture and press relations.

Demanding Respect. Though Sanchez made no secret about moving into an apartment of his own earlier this year, public outrage at his romance came only after false rumors began circulating that he planned to deprive the First Lady of her office and three secretar-

wealth plan, backed by Sanchez, would win.

Sanchez was one of the founding members of the Popular Democratic Party in 1939 along with powerful former Governor Luis Muñoz Marín and Jeannette's father, the late Ernesto Ramos Antonini, and has spent most of his life in politics. After graduating from Ohio State University, he worked briefly as a civil engineer, then headed Puerto Rico's Transportation Authority, served as city manager of San Juan and later as Muñoz's right-hand man. Though lacking his predecessor's charisma, Sanchez nevertheless kept the island economy booming along at a 10% annual growth rate, created 10,000 new jobs a year and strove hard to involve the *jibaros* (peasants) in politics. Not satisfied simply to follow in Muñoz's footsteps, he replaced many Popular Democratic Party hacks with bright young newcomers. One of them was Jeannette Ramos Buonomo.



THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

CONGRESSIONAL ETHICS: Who Can Afford to Be Honest?

THE U.S. Congress consists of 100 Senators and 435 Representatives from every state and every social background, ranging from millionaire to former coal miner. There is no reason to assume that this body includes a greater number of crooks than any other comparable sample of 535 Americans. But is that good enough? The U.S. voter takes a fairly cynical view of politicians, more or less expecting them to be up to their campaign buttons in patronage and various forms of skullduggery. But at the same time, he also expects (or wants) them to be above the more blatant forms of corruption. That is why Adam Clayton Powell's flamboyant peccadilloes, Senator Thomas Dodd's shifty manipulations of "campaign funds" and the late Senator Robert Kerr's wheeling and dealing with Bobby Baker have agitated two congressional committees and large sections of public opinion about the ethics of Capitol Hill. The central question is posed by Powell's crass claim that "everybody else is doing it too."

Is everybody else really doing it? The answer is no. While Powell may be in a class by himself, few legislators would indulge in the shenanigans practiced by any of these three. Says Republican Representative Charles Mathias Jr. of Maryland: "Most of us are honest all the time, and all of us are honest most of the time." Still, many legislators do accept practices which are separated only by a line—sometimes strong, sometimes faint—from the actions of the trio under recent scrutiny.

Perquisites & Privileges

Things used to be far worse. In 1833, no less a figure than Daniel Webster wrote the president of the Bank of the U.S. that if he wished the Senator's help against an attack on the bank, "it may be well to send the usual retainers." Big businessmen often "bought" themselves Senators by bribing the state legislatures, which at that time elected them, leading Mark Twain to remark: "I think I can say and say with pride that we have legislatures that bring higher prices than anywhere in the world."

Nothing so blatant can occur in an era of relentless publicity. Today's public doubts about congressional ethics begin in the area that is not necessarily the most important but is the most visible: perquisites and privileges, abuse of public funds and private gifts. A Congressman's or Senator's allowance for his office staff is strictly apportioned by law according to the size of his constituency—and is usually inadequate. Many Congressmen (51 at latest count) of modest means employ relatives in staff jobs, and the practice is not necessarily wrong. In Powell's case, however, his wife did no work in his office and he just pocketed her salary.

Unlike these fixed allowances, committee funds—for investigations, inspection trips, miscellaneous expenses—are highly flexible and easier to come by. Ohio's Wayne Hays, who now heads a House ethics subcommittee, not too long ago attended a *NATO* meeting in Paris with a delegation that included the House restaurant's headwaiter, three aides and eight members' wives. The flying legislators have to pay their wives' living expenses, though obliging hoteliers have been known to ink out the "Mrs." on a Congressman's hotel bill. No one denies that many trips are entirely legitimate, if only because they give the legislator an expanded awareness of the world.

When it comes to congressional high life, public funds play a secondary role to private offerings. Inevitably, legislators are courted men, surrounded by friendly lobbyists or lobbying friends, legitimate advocates and illegitimate pleaders. How far can a legislator go in accepting hospitality or perquisites without becoming a kept man?

The U.S. Code of 1926 declares it unlawful for any mem-

ber of Congress to accept "any money or thing of value" intended to influence his action on any pending issue. He is also prohibited from accepting compensation for helping to procure "any contract" from any U.S. agency. But what is a "thing of value"—and what constitutes influence? Today most legislators follow the rule of accepting as gifts only "what can be eaten or smoked in a day." Others set some monetary limit, for example, \$5. Quips Ohio Senator Stephen Young: "I arbitrarily declare every bottle of bourbon worth \$4.99."

Few legislators worry about accepting expense-account meals or attending lavish parties. Paid hotel suites, rides in company planes, weekends or vacations can be a little trickier. Practically every member of Congress has some wealthy friends and acquaintances, many of them with country houses where a legislator can recuperate from the Washington wear and tear. Indiana's Charles Halleck, one-time Republican House minority leader, judiciously chooses speaking dates in localities near hunting or fishing lodges owned by his longtime friends, to which he can slip away once his political appearance is done with.

Minnesota's upright Senator Eugene McCarthy felt no embarrassment in accepting the use of a Lincoln Continental for a nominal yearly rental of \$750, and Indiana's Senator Vance Hartke had a comparable deal with Chrysler. But Hartke has been a leader in the drive to force safety devices upon U.S. automakers. A legislator would have to be exceptionally malleable—or poor—to be seriously swayed by such amenities. What they can do and do create is a climate of friendliness and mild obligation—but that, after all, is the essence of politics as well as public relations.

Conflict of Interest

Far more significant is the congressional problem of conflict of interest—which may not always be a conflict. This touches on an issue as old as democracy itself: Should a representative vote only in the interests of those who elected him or helped him get elected? Or is he his own man? The purist view was put most succinctly by Edmund Burke in the 18th century: "Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion." The opposite view was put forcibly by Senator Kerr. Admitting that he had heavy investments back home, he declared flatly: "I represent the financial institutions of Oklahoma. I am interested in them, and that is the reason they elect me. They wouldn't want to send a man here who has no community of interest with them, because he wouldn't be worth a nickel to them."

In this area, there have been some obvious sinners. After World War II, the late Senator Theodore Bilbo was charged with having secured more than \$25 million in war contracts for Mississippi businessmen who in turn gave him a Cadillac, painted and furnished his "dream houses," built him a swimming pool, and excavated an artificial lake. Representative Andrew May, as chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, steered war contracts worth \$78 million to his friends, the Garrison brothers.

But there are other conflicts that are not nearly so clear-cut. Bankers have sat on the Banking and Currency Committees; a majority of the Agriculture Committees are farmers. Ohio's Senator John Bricker headed the Commerce Committee, which oversees railroad matters, while his law firm accepted \$200,000 in six years from the Pennsylvania Railroad. The widely respected Senator Walter George of Georgia once offered a series of amendments to a soft-drink tax bill that proved on analysis to effectively exempt the Coca-Cola Co., whose headquarters are in Georgia.

The moral dilemmas are well illustrated by the large num-

her of legislators (314) who are lawyers, many of whom keep an interest in their law firms back home. Says former Senator Kenneth Keating of New York: "A big firm wants you to represent them, and there's no problem of conflict in that particular matter. But they may have problems with the Government in other areas. You're afraid to lose a valuable client if you don't go along."

Keating gave up his practice entirely when he went into Congress. Others have not. A frequently used device is the "double-door" firm like the one maintained by Representative Emmanuel Celler, who was chairman of the committee investigating Powell. On the left-hand door of the office there is the legend, "Weisman, Allan, Spett & Sheinberg"; on the right-hand door, "Weisman, Celler, Allan, Spett & Sheinberg." The two firms share the same telephone number and personnel, but Celler insists that "They are completely different."

Thomas Jefferson urged that, "where the private interests of a member are concerned in a bill or question, he is to withdraw." Almost nobody follows Jefferson's rule. Argues Minnesota's Senator McCarthy: "For the most part, the gain to the individual Congressman includes the advancement of an interest that is shared by many other persons, including constituents. Consequently all of these would be unrepresented and would suffer if the individual member refrained."

Campaign Contributions

Weighing most oppressively on Congress' collective conscience is the problem of campaign expenses. Unless he is a millionaire many times over, the average member of Congress (annual salary: \$30,000) simply cannot afford, on his own, the expense of getting elected or re-elected these days. Things have almost reached the point indicated by England's turn-of-the-century poet laureate, Alfred Austin, who wrote:

You want a seat? Then boldly set your teeth;

Be very radical, and very rich.

The price of campaigning has gone up and up. Pierre Salinger's losing campaign for U.S. Senator in California cost \$1,600,000; Reagan's for Governor cost \$5,000,000, or roughly \$1.60 per vote. Few of the expenses are on official record, since the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 stipulates that a Senator can spend only \$25,000 on his campaign, a Representative \$5,000. A candidate gets around this simply by setting up innumerable committees that collect and spend funds for his campaign without his "knowledge or consent." Thus Massachusetts' Senator Ted Kennedy, like many another Congress member, could and did file a report declaring that his 1962 campaign expenses were zero—though his supporters spent an estimated \$2,000,000. Not that a campaign contribution necessarily means undue influence. Lobbyist Julius Klein obtained such a hold on Senator Dodd that he was able to write him bullying instructions; yet Klein also made sizable contributions to the campaigns of Senators Everett Dirksen and Jacob Javits, without any suggestion that he corrupted them. Still, contributions do often establish a strong and lingering obligation.

A legislator has his own way of raising money, most notably the testimonial dinner. It has the advantage that no single contribution is "major," even at \$500 a plate. In the trade, such affairs are often known as "blackjack" dinners, since lobbyists or trade associations for whom the Congressman has done a favor are pointedly notified and often arbitrarily assigned an allotted number of tickets. In Washington, a favorite variant is the campaign cocktail party. Says one lobbyist ruefully: "I get invited to about two every month. They are so well organized that after the first drink, they pass blank checks around. It usually costs me \$100 for one drink and a cold shrimp on a toothpick."

Though, legally, business firms cannot donate money, their officers, as individuals, can and do. A frequent means of concealing contributions is legal fees for nominal work paid to a Congressman's law firm back home, or a fee for delivering a routine speech. Says Bill Moyers, former White House aide to President Johnson, "I think there's probably less direct bankrolling than there used to be, but there are other ways.

For example, the billboard industry might provide a Congressman with free billboards during his campaign; now, when a vote comes up on a bill to regulate that industry, it's very hard for him to vote against his benefactors." As for Bobby Baker's stealing of campaign money, Moyers comments: "I think what he did is done by other people in more sophisticated ways."

The Double Standard

None of these beans in their own eyes trouble Congressmen much when it comes to overseeing the executive branch. There they demand the utmost rectitude—and with some justice. For historically, the executive is where the big swindles have happened, with the Teapot Dome scandal of the Harding Administration as the classic case. Seduce a legislator, and you have only one vote. Seduce a commissioner of one of the federal agencies, and you get the franchise for a TV station or an airline route worth millions. Largely as a result of congressional pressure, Cabinet members now habitually dispose of their stockholdings in firms with which their departments might do business. Two years ago, Lyndon Johnson directed top government officials to list all their holdings, including those of their wives.

"For too long, Congress has followed a double standard, preaching one thing to members of the executive branch and permitting its own members to practice another," says New Jersey's Senator Clifford Case. But Congress has shown only the slightest interest in policing itself. And nobody else can do it: under the Constitution, Congress is answerable to no higher authority. Members generally argue that the actions of the executive branch must be reviewed by Congress, while Congress itself needs no watchdog, since the voters regularly review its performance at election time. So far, the only visible reform has been congressional endorsement of a "Code of Ethics": every member received a copy trimmed in red, white and blue, suitable for framing. It contained platitudes like "expose corruption wherever discovered."

Chief reform efforts are now concentrated on the simple principle of disclosure—of stockholdings, law contracts or other interests. Among the loudest opponents of this idea is Senator Everett Dirksen, who orates that such disclosures would make a lawmaker a "second-class citizen." The case in favor is best put in a senatorial committee report prepared under Paul Douglas: "Disclosure is hardly a sanction and certainly not a penalty. Yet it would sharpen men's own judgments of right and wrong, since they would be less likely to do wrong things if they knew these acts would be challenged." New York's Senator Javits agrees: "These things ought to be known. For instance, I'll be introducing a bill soon that affects Canadian banks. Well, why shouldn't I? It is something I believe in. But my constituents ought to know that I have Canadian banks among my clients. Then they can judge my actions. But it's when they don't know these things that it is bad."

Other efforts are aimed at getting campaign expenses under control and thus delivering Senators and Congressmen from their enforced dependence on the big givers. Louisiana's Senator Russell Long has proposed that 1% of every citizen's income tax might be allocated to a presidential campaign fund, equitably distributed among the candidates. Others, including Senator Mike Mansfield, have suggested shorter, federally financed campaigns; or a ban on big contributions and setting limits on what the candidates can spend.

There seems little likelihood that any of these measures will be enacted. Congress has turned down some 17 proposals to reform campaign expenditures in the past 20 years, and is notoriously reluctant to take action against malefactors in its midst. Observes ex-Senator Douglas wryly: "Men tinged with sovereignty can easily feel that the king can do no wrong." The members of Congress can certainly do wrong. But they do right far more often, and that fact would become much clearer to the U.S. if they finally relinquished enough of their sovereignty to accept at least some measure of the reform proposals.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM Gathering Intensity

The ground war in Viet Nam is intensifying, with mounting casualties on both sides. Aided by a sudden infusion of mortars and fresh weapons, and often impelled by a growing sense of desperation, the Viet Cong have turned more aggressive in the hope of scoring some badly needed victories. With the increase in the U.S. troop levels—which last week reached 427,000—more Americans are ranging through the country-side than ever before, spoiling for a fight. The war's vicious turn was reflected last week in two sets of statistics.

Saigon reported that in the week ending March 18, casualties for both Communist and U.S. troops reached new highs for the war. A weekly record of 2,675 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese soldiers were killed; there is no sure way to count Communist wounded, but they must have been proportionately large. The U.S. lost 211 dead, and suffered 1,874 wounded and seven missing or captured, bringing total U.S. casualties to more than 2,000 in one week for the first time. So far this year, American deaths are averaging 150 per week v. 96 a week during 1966.

Sad as those figures are, they are dwarfed by the enormous bloodletting that has been inflicted on the Communists. The Pentagon announced that since Jan. 1, Allied forces have killed some 19,500 of the enemy, a rate of 1,770 weekly as compared with last year's average of 1,100. Even so, the Communists keep coming. U.S. intelligence last week put Red fighting strength up by 4,000 men to a total of 286,000, an increase that just matched last week's U.S. increase of 4,000 new men. When last week's totals are released this week in Saigon, Communist dead are likely to reach another new high.

A Terrible Price

One of the war's biggest and bloodiest battles took place last week around an egg-shaped clearing at Suoi Tre, 55 miles northwest of Saigon in War Zone C. There, surrounded by a treeline of sparse woodland blighted by defoliants, U.S. helicopters flew in three batteries of 105-mm. howitzers and some 450 young U.S. draftees of the 4th division, led by Lieut. Colonel Jack Vessey, Lieut. Colonel Jack Bender and a sprinkling of toughened veterans. They were part of Junction City, the war's biggest operation, and at first they did not expect much heavy action. Junction City has been sweeping through Zone C, destroying bunkers and tunnels and capturing significant documents and equipment, but it had so far achieved few major encounters with the enemy.

It was immediately obvious that

something was different at Suoi Tre. When the helicopters first set down in the tiny, vulnerable clearing, Viet Cong scouts in nearby trees detonated heavy charges of explosives, blowing up three of the choppers. Still, the rest of the Americans came on and set up their perimeter around the howitzers, even though unusually large groups of Viet Cong were spotted moving in the area. Though they did not know it, the draftees had landed practically in the midst of 2,000 Viet Cong professionals spearheaded by the crack 272nd main force regiment. For two days the Viet Cong watched and waited, carefully counting the number of Suoi Tre's defenders, noting the departure of one battalion for another operation.

Lethal Stings. They attacked at 6:30 a.m., lobbing the first mortar shell onto the doorstep of one U.S. company command post. Seconds later another exploded just outside battalion headquarters. Then the earth erupted all through the U.S. positions, as some 650 mortar shells rained down. Under cover of the holocaust, the Viet Cong moved up machine guns and 75-mm. recoilless rifles. Even before the vertical death of the mortars had ceased falling, the horizontal death of patterned gunfire was strung man-high across the clearing. The battle quickly became one of pure firepower, as close to a classic infantryman's fire fight as Viet Nam has yet seen. Instead of trying to rush the G.I.s and overwhelm them in a sudden,

ragged, do-or-die charge, the Communist commander maneuvered his men cautiously, gradually squeezing the perimeter and trying to cut down the 4th's cannoneers with machine guns and rockets while his infantrymen gave covering fire and grenade the Americans in their pits and bunkers.

Untried and outnumbered, the Americans worked together blazing away with everything they had. A "quadrigg" of four 50-cal. machine guns mounted on a turret was fired without respite until its barrels burnt out. The big howitzers were cranked down to ground level, point-blank range. The gunners opened the breeches and took aim through the open barrels straight into the faces of the steadily advancing Viet Cong. The three batteries fired more than 2,200 shells, including dozens of awesome "beehives," a hitherto classified anti-personnel shell that spits 8,000 finned flechettes (steel darts), each an inch long, whose lethal stings turn an ordinary artillery piece into a monster shotgun.

On Their Knees. Even so, more than a third of the American perimeter caved in, yielding yard by yard to Viet Cong pressure. Young troopers took reckless chances to fetch more bullets and grenades. Using his master sergeant as a sort of artillery spotter, Specialist Four Samuel Townsend, 21, a draftee and former high-school athlete from Detroit, pitched grenades with deadly accuracy at an enemy now less than 30 yds. away. In some spots the fighting was even closer. Private First Class Edward Edwards, 20, clubbed down one surprised Viet Cong with his rifle butt. SP4 Richard Hazel, 21, sprinting for a rifle, literally ran into a Viet Cong. "I bumped into him," he said. "There were no fancy punches, I just knocked him down." An armed artilleryman finished him off.

U.S. jets flew 117 sorties over roiling Suoi Tre, bombing the attackers with explosives, napalm and anti-personnel bomblets. Two distant artillery batteries walked more than 2,000 shells through the enemy's ranks, some striking as close as 100 ft. to the shrunken U.S. perimeter. A big Chinook chopper swept through smoke and fire to drop slings of fresh ammunition. But the G.I.s were down to their last bullets, and in some bunkers to a single grenade. Eleven of the batteries' 18 how-



VIET CONG DEAD AT SUOI TRE
Too long among the beehives.

itzers lay silenced by enemy fire; artillermen loaded the remaining guns while kneeling amid burning shells. As the enemy fire poured in and the Viet Cong, scenting the kill, closed in for a final assault, everyone in Suoi Tre from gunners wielding pistols to cooks and bottle washers desperately resisted the onslaught.

Like the 10 O'Clock Show. Within a half hour after the battle began, an armored column only two miles away was dispatched to aid Suoi Tre's defenders. It was delayed by difficulty in crossing the steep-banked, muddy Suoi Somat River. Finally a crossing was filled in by a tank mounting a bulldozer blade. Just as the Americans at Suoi Tre were about to be overtaken entirely, the delayed column of 80 armored personnel carriers and tanks rumbled through the trees. As they came, they crushed the massed Viet Cong beneath their treads and sprayed the enemy ranks with withering machine-gun fire. Hands popped from tank turrets and dropped grenades to blast off Viet Cong fighters who had swarmed over their steel shells. When the Viet Cong finally grasped what they were up against, they hastily retreated. "It was," exulted Bender, "just like the 10 o'clock show on TV: the U.S. Cavalry came riding to the rescue."

The Americans lost a comparatively moderate 31 dead in the battle, suffered another 109 wounded. But the fleeing Viet Cong paid a terrible price for coming so near to victory. They left 617 bodies on the field of Suoi Tre, having carried away as many other dead as they could. It was one of their worst single defeats of the war.

THAILAND

B-52s & Green Berets

More bad news for the Viet Cong came last week from nearby Thailand, which announced its readiness to base U.S. B-52s on Thai territory. Flying unseen and unheard at 40,000 ft. or more, the big B-52s have struck more terror into the enemy than almost any other weapon. But they have been limited until now by the necessity of hauling their 60,000-lb. bomb loads from Guam on a 5,200-mile, twelve-hour round trip. The Thai decision will place the bombers within a scant hour's distance of practically any Communist concentration in South Viet Nam, enabling each B-52 to make several sorties a day instead of one.

The Thais welcome to the B-52s is only the latest open admission of cooperation with the U.S. in fighting the Communists, reversing a long Thai reticence about publicizing their role in the war. The Thais already permit other U.S. fighter-bombers to fly from four bases in Thailand; they are readying a 2,400-man fighting force to join the Allies in Viet Nam later this year. Their increasing willingness to participate is a case of enlightened self-interest.



U.S. ADVISERS & THAI TRAINEES AT PAK CHONG

The proxies were plenty good enough.

est. Communist insurgency in the Thai northeast (TIME, Jan. 20) is growing in intensity, and the Thais are getting considerable U.S. help in combatting it. The Thai government thus did not hesitate last week to make clear its reasons for inviting the B-52s: "For common defensive purposes with the view to extinguishing the fire of aggression started by the Communists in South Viet Nam, and to prevent it from spreading further."

Bangkok About-Face. American preventive aid to Thailand covers a broad front. A 365-man Special Forces company is training Thai companies in counterinsurgency as well as in preparation for fighting in Viet Nam. The USIS produces a colorful spectrum of propaganda for the Thais' own distribution, from pictures of the King and Queen to anti-Communist soap operas and comic books. The CIA trains security and civic action pacification teams for use in remote villages. The U.S. has provided the Thais with equipment ranging from helicopters and shotguns to radios and movie projectors. All of this is a part of the campaign to strengthen the impoverished northeast provinces so that they will be able to defend themselves against both Communist blandishments and Red terrorism.

Because Communist insurgency is on the increase, the backbone of the Thai effort is the army, which is now being prepped in guerrilla counterwar in three upcountry field camps by a company of U.S. Green Berets. Last week TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar visited the camp at Pak Chong, becoming the first U.S. newsmen permitted to see the Green Berets in action in Thailand. Led by Lieut. Colonel R. H. Bartelt, 40, a Viet Nam veteran with a decade of Green Beretmannship, the Special Forces arrived in Thailand last October from Okinawa, where they had trained intensively in Thai language, customs and

the local insurgency problem. They came ready to fight alongside the Thais in the northeast, but U.S. officials, notably Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, decided against any direct American fighting in Thailand.

Snipers & Mantraps. The Thais were initially skeptical that the Green Berets would be of much use fighting by proxy—as instructors. But the first Thai companies that the U.S. graduated scored such instant successes against insurgents that Bangkok did an about-face: it has asked the Special Forces to quadruple the number of Thais in training until all 150 companies in the Thai army have run the U.S. course. The Thai soldiers themselves were quickly won over by the toughness and expertise of the Green Berets, three-fourths of whom, like their commander, learned their professionalism the hard way in action in Viet Nam.

At the field camps such as Pak Chong, the Thais are put through a grueling 35-day, 67-hour-week routine that teaches them everything from how to avoid guerrilla ambushes to the art of winning over suspicious villagers. The first attempts at civic action are tried in villages near the camps, working with the village headmen in sanitation, security and medical care. But the major thrust of the U.S. effort is relentlessly rugged combat training.

Typical of the thoroughness of the Special Forces is a model village they have constructed at Pak Chong for practicing search-and-seizure tactics. Its hazards are real and in earnest. When the unsuspecting Thai trainees come through the gate, snipers and mantraps or sharpened pung stakes greet them. Targets suddenly pop up. As the Thais raise their rifles, the earth nearby explodes from hidden mines—a sequence that has caused many Thai soldiers initially to drop their rifles in fright. But there is more to the Green Beret village

than shooting. The Thais learn the guerrilla's subtleties: an escape tunnel beneath the village huts, a cache of arms buried under the little shrine of a *phi* spirit house, which all but Thai Communists might consider sacrosanct. The Thais value their tough training all the more because each graduating company is immediately sent into the northeast to meet the real live face to face.

Boondocks Warfare. The U.S. and Thailand consider the nation's insurgency problem as part of the same Southeast Asian struggle gripping South Viet Nam. So, too, does North Viet Nam. The proof may be seen in Hoa Binh, some 50 miles outside Hanoi, where the North Vietnamese are training 150 Thais at a time. Like Pak

landed his one-engine Tiger Moth on a mountain. Although he is in good health, his doctors have warned him to slow down.

Garlic & Gold Coins. At the Shah's request, the Iranian Parliament has unanimously approved a bill that will eventually amend Iran's 50-year-old constitution and enable the Shah to appoint a regent-designate to rule if he should die before his son, Crown Prince Reza, now six, becomes 20 years old. His choice for the regency: his wife, Empress Farah, 28, who has presented him with two male heirs (plus a girl) after two previous wives failed to give him a son. The Shah, who has held Iran's Peacock Throne for 26 years without being crowned, has also decided

of the Pahlavi line, the Shah, the Emperor and the Crown Prince inaugurated a new TV station in Teheran. In his first speech to the country, the tiny Reza said: "My dear countrymen and sisters, I wish you a happy new year."

White Revolution. Through the Shah's "White Revolution" (so called because it is bloodless), Iran's 25 million people now enjoy a robust economy, with an industrial sector that grew by 17% in the past year. Foreign investment, once almost nonexistent, has advanced to \$186 million a year, and exports in the past decade have quadrupled to \$1.3 billion. In the past 18 months, Iran has signed long-term trade and military deals with both East and West involving nearly \$3 billion; the latest provides for the exchange of Iranian oil for \$40 million worth of Rumanian grain silos and railroad cars. The gross national product has doubled in a decade to \$6.5 billion a year.

But the biggest gains have been in social progress. In a country where landlords once owned whole villages, impressive reforms have made landowners of three-fourths of all Iranian farmers. Under new laws, 20% of every Iranian factory's profits must be divided among its workers. Women have achieved the vote, and a 32,000-man uniformed literacy corps is at work teaching illiterate villagers how to read and write. Iran is not yet a democracy. "His Majesty is the boss, Period," says the Shah's Prime Minister, Amir Abbas Hoveida. But the boss has allowed considerable freedom: his once dreaded SAVAK (secret police) is now little more than an intelligence-gathering agency.

Preparing to Reign. The Shah's Empress has done her share too. One reform that she helped put through prohibits a man from taking another wife unless he has the permission of both a local court and his existing wives (though most Iranians are practicing Moslems, they are racially Aryans, not Arabs). The former Farah Diba went to schools in Teheran, where she was captain of her high school basketball team, first met the Shah eight years ago on a reception line while she was studying architecture in Paris. After a constituent assembly convenes this May to approve the Shah's plan for a regent-designate, more official duties will be added to Empress Farah's already busy life, including instruction in the affairs of government. When going abroad, she will travel apart from her husband so that, should Allah's protection falter, a mishap would claim only one of them.



THE SHAH, EMPRESS & CHILDREN AT NEW YEAR'S FEAST
At last, the right time for a coronation.

Chong, Hoa Binh is a school for boondocks warfare. There, the North Vietnamese teach Communist Thais the arts of weaponry, propaganda and sabotage before sending them back to make trouble in Bangkok's backyard.

IRAN

Proud as a Peacock

After miraculously surviving an attempted assassination by machine gun two years ago, Iran's Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi said gratefully: "Allah saved my country again." It was not an idle boast. Among modern monarchs, the Shah, 47, is a pace-setting social reformer without whom Iran would long ago have turned to chaos. The trouble is that the Shah tempts Allah quite a bit. He zooms through the streets of Teheran at high speeds in his Ferrari—while police see to it that the traffic lights go green along his route. He loves to fly jets, such as Lockheed's F-104 Starfighter, and once crash-

to hold a coronation ceremony for himself next October. "I have always thought, and often said, that it is not a source of pride and gratification to become king of a poor people. In the past I felt that a coronation ceremony was not justified. But today I am proud of the progress we have made."

Last week, as the land of the ancient Persians celebrated the *Now Ruz*, or New Year—it is the year 1346 by Iranian reckoning—few of the Shah's people would dispute his right to the crown. More prosperous than ever, millions of Iranians went traveling for the holiday, flocking to Caspian Sea beaches and gathering in homes for the traditional meal, which includes apples, sumac (a bread baked on hot stones), garlic and wheat halva. At a palace reception, the Shah rewarded his ministers with handfuls of newly minted gold coins. In a family tableau showing the continuity

» Left to right: Princess Farahzad, Crown Prince Reza, Prince Ali Reza.

SOUTH AFRICA

A Touch of Sweet Reasonableness

When Balthazar Johannes Vorster took over as South Africa's Prime Minister six months ago, the world had little reason to expect that he would be much different from the assassinated Hendrik Verwoerd, the apostle of *apartheid*. Vorster had, after all, been Verwoerd's police boss for five years, and

he looked even tougher and more unbending than the white-thatched Verwoerd. But Vorster has been a considerable surprise. While not basically changing South Africa's policy of racial separation, he has proved far more reasonable than his predecessor, injecting some humanity and even humor into South Africa's heavy ideological climate. South Africans call his style *billikheid*—sweet reasonableness.

Far more relaxed than Verwoerd, Vorster allows himself to be photographed playing golf in baggy shorts, and even invites opposition newsmen into his chambers for regular background briefings. He slyly chides visiting foreigners for their one-dimensional view of South Africa with his startling salutation: "Welcome to the happiest police state in the world."

"There was something almost diabolical about Verwoerd," says Helen Suzman, the opposition Progressive Party's only member in Parliament. "Something on a different plane, above influencing, that actually made me frightened of the man. Vorster is flesh and blood."

No More Snapping. Vorster has even taken a few hesitant steps toward easing *apartheid*. At his behest, three new *apartheid* bills have been taken off the docket of the current session of Parliament, and the government last week amended the old Verwoerd ban on interracial sports to permit South Africa to send an integrated team to the 1968 Olympics. Vorster also created something of a stir last month by receiving a trade delegation from the black African nation of Malawi with full honors (including limousines driven by white chauffeurs), entertained Prime Minister Leabua Jonathan of the tiny new state of Lesotho at lunch in Cape Town's stately Mount Nelson Hotel—breaking at least three *apartheid* restrictions in the process. Last week Vorster's government announced that it will grant limited autonomy to a tribal area in South West Africa known as Ovamboland, thus making at least one hesitant concession to United Nations demands that it get out of the entire territory.

While somewhat moderating *apartheid* at home, Vorster is also busy trying to convince the rest of the world that it is a necessary course for South Africa. He is overhauling the government's dour propaganda organs, has ordered the foreign ministry to publish reasoned presentations of the South African viewpoint. South African diplomats have been instructed to stop snapping at their critics and to try to charm them with sweet reasonableness. South Africans going overseas are supplied with booklets instructing them how to answer delicate questions, and Vorster recently urged all whites staying at home to start a letter-writing campaign to present "the truth" to their European friends and relatives. His government even claims to have started secret trade talks with a dozen or so supposedly hostile black nations.

Severe Repression. In South Africa proper, of course, the nonwhites are still severely repressed. For all the *billikheid*, in fact, Vorster's regime is pressuring for early passage of two new bills aimed at the so-called "Colored" (mulatto) population, which once enjoyed almost equal privileges with the whites. The bill would empower the government to draft Colored youths into a labor corps in which they could be subjected to "the performance of any kind of work." The bill would also automatically deny white status to anyone, even blue-eyed blondes, unable to prove that both parents were bona fide whites.

Although Vorster obviously has no intention of scuttling *apartheid* overnight, the few changes he has made so



VORSTER PLAYING GOLF
More *billikheid* than *billy club*.

far have given moderate South African whites the first hint of encouragement in nearly two decades of Nationalist Party rule. "The best that can be hoped for," notes Johannesburg's influential *Financial Mail*, "is that sufficient nonwhites will respond to any relaxation of *apartheid* that is forthcoming to make the Nationalist Party feel it was worth making. The worst that can be feared is that the government's good intentions will be snubbed, encouraging South Africa to retreat into even lonelier isolation."

SIERRA LEONE End of the Exception

Thirty-one black African nations have gained their independence in the past decade, and they all share a curious distinction: in not a single one of them has any government ever been voted out of office. The record is not exactly a testimonial to democratic stability. Political assassinations and mili-

tary coups have transformed half of the continent's emerging nations into emergency nations, and the governments of most of the rest have hung on either by openly rigging elections or outlawing their political opposition entirely. Through it all, the diamond-rich enclave of Sierra Leone always claimed to be the glittering exception—the only black African state in which the government might actually permit itself to lose an election.

When last week's polling began, there seemed a very good chance that the regime of Sir Albert Margai might indeed be voted down. The Prime Minister, whose hulking size and frequent outbursts of temper have won him the nickname "Akpatu"—a Mende word that means "our wild fat man"—had long been accused of widespread corruption. His refusal to answer the charges did nothing to improve his government's image, nor did his longstanding attempts to establish a one-party state. Last month, Sir Albert opened the election campaign by refusing to allow opposition candidates to run against him, his brother, or two trusted Cabinet ministers. Popular resentment welled up in a wave of rioting that forced the government to declare a state of emergency throughout much of the land.

Martial Law. The resentment carried over to the polls. There, rejecting the government's candidates, the voters gave Siaka Stevens' democratic-minded opposition party what appeared to be at least a narrow parliamentary majority. Unfortunately, the final results never did get to be announced. As soon as it became apparent that Stevens would have a majority, Governor General Sir Henry Lightfoot Boston summoned the leader of the opposition party to his office and swore him in as Prime Minister. His term was the shortest on record. Hardly had the swearing-in ceremony ended when Army Commander Brigadier David Lansana, a friend and confidant of Sir Albert, put both Stevens and the Governor General under arrest. He declared martial law and announced that he himself would rule the country for the time being. Then he nullified the results of the elections.

Lansana did not last much longer than the man he deposed. At week's end a group of dissident officers staged a coup, arrested both Lansana and the man who stood to benefit most from his annulment of the elections—Sir Albert Margai—and locked them up with the Governor General and the victorious opposition leader. Then, with the nation's four most powerful politicians out of the way, they named an eight-man "National Reformation Council" to run the country. Headed by 39-year-old Lieut. Colonel Ambrose Patrick Genda, who was deputy army commander until Sir Albert fired him last year, the council's announced goal is to put Sierra Leone's frail democracy back together again—if it can.



ANTI-FRENCH SOMALIS RIOTING IN DJIBOUTI
Renewed contract, so to speak.

FRENCH SOMALILAND

Victory for Trouble

Even before the election returns were complete, unruly mobs began to surge through the streets of Djibouti, the sun-bleached and impoverished capital of French Somaliland. Then they heard the news: by a majority of 61%, Somaliland's 39,000 voters (out of a population of 125,000) had opted to maintain the country's ties with France, thus defeating a move to independence. Somali tribesmen, who wanted to break away from France, threw up barricades of sidewalk slabs and bedposts, began hurling rocks with the aid of crude slingshots. As their husbands lit oil fires that flashed over the nearby desert sands, statuesque Somali women contorted their faces into snarls at French troops.

Then the automatic rifles of the French legionnaires began stuttering. Bystanders as well as rioters were gunned down; no questions asked. Paratroopers were flown in from France to help, and police helicopters swept down on the crowds, dropping grenades and tear gas into their midst. From every miserable alley came the sound of guns firing, of women sobbing and of curs howling. At least 17 civilians were killed, but not all bodies were found.

Helping Matters Along. The Somali tribesmen, who make up the largest population segment of France's last colony in Africa, favor independence because they want their fellow tribesmen in neighboring (and independent) Somalia to annex French Somaliland. The trouble was that they were registered to vote in fewer numbers than the Afars, a rival tribe that wants to stay tied to France. Neighboring Ethiopia, which contains large numbers of Afars, backs the

tribe's cause in French Somaliland. More than tribal loyalty is involved: Ethiopia has a sound economic motive in not wanting its outlet to the Gulf of Aden, a 486-mile narrow-gauge railway from Addis Ababa to Djibouti, to be controlled by the hostile government of Somalia.

Charles de Gaulle ordered last week's referendum after the two rival tribes rioted in the streets of Djibouti during his visit there last August. De Gaulle sternly warned that French troops would never be committed to preserve "the appearance of a state," would withdraw and leave Somaliland to civil war unless the voters clearly demonstrated that they wished to remain with France. To help matters along, police rounded up some 6,000 Somali tribesmen in and around Djibouti before the balloting and expelled them to Somalia.

Source of Embarrassment. After gathering the vote he wanted last week, De Gaulle hailed "this renewed contract" and vowed to carry out France's "mission of liberty and progress." Somaliland can stand some progress. Practically without an economy and with no natural resources, it is kept going only by French aid (\$26 million last year). The French have thus won the right to continue pouring money into Somaliland, but they have also won more trouble than they bargained for. Before the week was out, legionnaires routed thousands of dissident Somali tribesmen out of their tumble-down shanties in Djibouti and herded them into barbed-wire concentration camps near the Somalia border. Somalia thereupon refused to accept any more deportees, leaving the tribesmen imprisoned in French Somaliland as a source of embarrassment—and potential trouble—for France.

LATIN AMERICA

New Russian Offensive

When a five-man Soviet trade delegation arrived in Colombia three weeks ago, Castroite guerrillas took the occasion to bomb a train and ambush an army patrol, killing 15 persons. In reprisal, President Carlos Lleras Restrepo jailed 200 Communist Party leaders, most of whom were uninvolved in the terrorism. The Russians did not blink an eye or utter a protest; they just pressed right ahead with discussions for expanding last year's \$3,000,000 worth of trade between the two countries and setting up consular relations.

Last week the Russian delegation, scheduled to meet with Lleras Restrepo when the violence broke out, was still cooling its collective heels in Bogotá's Continental Hotel waiting to see the President. The Russians seem to have almost infinite patience. Throughout Latin America, on which they have long cast covetous eyes, they are intensifying their efforts to step up trade and diplomatic relations.

Unexpected Visitor. In Brazil, the Russians have developed surprisingly close commercial, cultural and personal ties with the country's tough, anti-Communist military government. Last August, Russian Foreign Trade Minister Nikolai Patolichev visited Rio and signed a four-year \$100 million credit agreement, making Brazil the biggest recipient of Russian aid in Latin America after Cuba. In Argentina, Soviet relations are almost as cordial with Strongman Juan Carlos Onganía's military government; total trade between the two has gone from \$18 million in 1964 to \$110 million last year.

In neighboring Chile, where President Eduardo Frei dealt the Communist Party its biggest election defeat in Chilean history, Russia has let bygones be bygones; last January signed \$57 million worth of credit and technical-assistance agreements with Frei's government. Last week, as the two countries were putting the final touches to a cultural-exchange pact, Frei was considering a state visit to Moscow. And in Venezuela, Russia has been quietly pushing its desire for trade and some type of diplomatic relations. A few weeks ago, Russia's amiable Ambassador to the U.S., Anatoly Dobrynin, dropped into Venezuela's Washington embassy for a reception—despite the absence of relations between the two countries.

Help for the Oligarchies. Cuba's Fidel Castro angrily seized on Dobrynin's unexpected visit as proof of what he has suspected for some time: that the Russians are pursuing their own, quite independent aims in Latin America. "Not everything is rosy in the revolutionary world," Castro stormed in a three-hour baragüe at Havana University. "Whoever helps the oligarchies where our guerrillas are fighting is helping suppress the revolution. What would the revolutionary Vietnamese think if we

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sent delegations to South Viet Nam to trade with the puppet government of Saigon?"

Castro realizes all too painfully that his own campaign in Latin America—in the form of his vicious little "wars of liberation"—has been a dismal failure. Russia's new emphasis on broader trade and diplomatic relations can only further hamper that campaign. For their part, the men in power in Latin America see it as an opportunity to drive an even deeper wedge between Moscow and Havana, and possibly even get Russia to tone down Cuba's guerrilla wars. Venezuela's own Communist Party, for example, recently called for a "tactical withdrawal" from guerrilla war and a "democratic peace."

So far, Castro is not fending. Speculation about his worsening relations with Russia increased sharply last week when he announced that his brother, Raul, Cuba's second-in-command and the island's main contact man with Russia, had been replaced "temporarily" as armed forces minister. Since it is getting \$1,000,000 a day in Soviet aid, Cuba could hardly afford a complete break. But the new Russian overtures in Latin America do show that there is a split, and the split is widening.

CANADA

A Chair at Harvard

Most Canadians have considerable if malevolent knowledge of the United States. Most Americans have a benevolent ignorance of Canada.

This comment by Professor Edward J. Miles, director of Canadian studies at the University of Vermont, explains why a neighbor who is a good trading partner is not always the most understanding friend. When it comes to their powerful neighbor to the south, Canadians take umbrage at attitudes that would never bother more distant peoples. One measure of the gap is the fact that not one of the more than 2,000 U.S. colleges and universities has a professorial chair reserved for Canadian studies, and that only 37 offer courses on Canadian history rather than teaching it as part of British imperial history.

Now, Harvard has announced that next year it will establish a full chair of Canadian studies. The men who raised most of the \$600,000 endowment are Canadian Beer Baron E. P. Taylor (Carling's) and two members of the Harvard board of overseers, Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller and Procter & Gamble Chairman Neil McElroy. Chosen to hold the chair for the first year: University of Toronto President Claude Bissell, 51, a Ph.D. in English from Cornell, who once observed that "American universities prefer the study of Tibet to the study of Canada." At Harvard, Bissell and his students will have access to the largest collection of books on Canada in the U.S.

FRANCE

Ballad of the Sad Cafés

Even more than the British pub or the American corner drugstore, the French café has always provided a haven within which whole lives could unfold. It is a unique national institution that combines club, office and home-away-from-home. "It is where the Frenchman entertains guests, conducts business, writes his poetry and novels," says Roger Cazes, owner of the elegant Brasserie Lipp on Paris' Boulevard Saint Germain. "It is where, if he is famous, he goes to be seen, and if he is not, he goes to watch. It is where he discusses art, literature, philosophy and politics." It is also the place that many French-

Café owners complain that higher wages, taxes and social security payments bite increasingly deeply into their profits. But that complaint—shared by many other entrepreneurs—is dwarfed by the fact that today's Frenchmen seem to be rediscovering their homes. In the postwar era, many of them popped in at the neighborhood café several times a day largely because they lived in dismal quarters or had little else to do. Now they have television to watch, a refrigerator in which they can keep white wine, ice and mixers so that they can serve themselves and their friends more easily at home. Moreover, many Frenchmen now prefer to save their cash for more and better furniture, a shiny new automobile or *le weekend*.

RONALD E. HARRISON



NEW PARIS DRUGSTORE BESIDE TRADITIONAL CAFÉ

Remodeled in American-modern.

men are beginning to shun. The sad news about this heady forum of Gallic civilization is that all over France its numbers and influence on national life are declining.

Green Hair. Some 200 cafés go out of business every year in the Paris area alone, and the toll is equally big in the provinces; altogether, about 30,000 cafés in France have closed in the past decade. Among the victims have been not only the back-street cafés with the zinc-topped bars but also such giants as the Select, which opened on the Champs Elysées back in the 1930s, and La Ronde in Montparnasse, once a favorite hangout of Picasso and Modigliani. Last week one of the legendary cafés of Paris, the Café de Madrid in the theater district, reopened as a "drugstore" remodeled in American-modern déor instead of its former Second Empire. Where Poet Charles Baudelaire once came to sip absinthe—he also dyed his hair green as part of an absinthe cult—waiters in sailor suits now scurry about carrying banana splits amid the magazine stands and cosmetics counters.

in the country rather than give it to the local café owner.

Irreversible Trend. The drifting away of the *habitués* has changed the café's whole character, and, says Antoine Barale, owner of the Bar François in the Riviera town of Antibes, "I'm afraid the trend is irreversible." A few of Barale's competitors have installed television, but he contends that TV usually only invites an uproar among the customers, since "some people love it and others object to it." The owners of four of Paris' biggest cafés—the Flore, the Café de la Paix, the Couplet and the Deux Magots—all admit that they may have to change their businesses, look to *le drugstore* as the profit-making venture of the future. So far Paris has five "drugstores," which are more elegant than their prototypes in the U.S. and usually combine a restaurant and an executive array of goods in a camp atmosphere that appeals to the *ye-ye* set. They draw the crowds heavily—and the café owners draw the conclusions. The point is that the busy Frenchman, with less time to linger, is fast attuning himself to a short-order culture.

PEOPLE

There isn't much of her to look at (31-22-32 and 90 lbs.). Even so, it seemed as if every mod in Manhattan had turned up at Fashion Photographer Bert Stern's studio to see Lesley Hornby, 17, the cockney writh more accurately known as *Twiggy*. Stern threw a welcoming blast for *Twiggy* when she arrived in the U.S. with plans to expand her minifashion career by peddling some \$1,000,000 worth of her clothes in department stores across the nation and picking up an occasional \$120 per hour as a model. At a loss to explain why anyone would pay that much to take

PETER POLTERHAUS



TWIGGY
Expensive fitter.

her picture, *Twiggy* said objectively: "It's not really wot you call a fitter, is it?"

The election next week, said a spokesman for Americans for Democratic Action, will be "*pro forma*"—which hardly speaks well for their democratic action. Still, the A.D.A.'s nominating committee had made such an imposing choice for its new national chairman that the membership is really not likely to complain. The unopposed candidate: Harvard Economist and old New Frontiersman John Kenneth Galbraith, 59.

He's been hermetically sealed in the joint since last December when he arrived amid reports that he was dying. Since then, Phantom Billionaire **Howard Hughes**, 61, has been shelling out \$250 a day for the privacy of the ninth-floor penthouse atop the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. A bit steep, perhaps, but now Hughes will be paying the rent to him-

self. For \$13 million, he has bought a 50-year lease on the entire 600-room Desert Inn, along with its casino.

At next September's São Paulo Biennial, the U.S. will be represented by such pop artists as Andy Warhol and Robert Rauschenberg. But by startling contrast, William Seitz, former curator of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, who picked the entries, opted for a real grandpa to stage the major U.S. one-man show: **Edward Hopper**, 84, an old master of realism whose cityscapes go back to his association with the "Ashcan" realists. When someone suggested that Hop might be a bit old-fashioned to be keeping such company, Seitz snapped: "It would be ridiculous to eliminate the best artists simply because they were over 40, or were not the discovery of the month."

On her third major project as a reporter for *McCall's*, **Lynda Bird Johnson**, 23, surveyed U.S. collegiate patois and produced a "Glossary of Campus Slang—How to Tell What in the World the Younger Generation Is Talking About." It's a little hard to tell what in the world Lynda is talking about, since at least 40 of the 55 terms in the glossary are almost old enough to be in the *Oxford English Dictionary*: "Cool it," "bug out," "put on," "stay loose." Lynda did uncover one fairly recent term of phrase. To "turn your F.B.I. up to Mother" means to "turn your electric blanket up to the highest temperature; hence, return to the womb and security (chiefly West Coast)."

The black-tie dinner at Washington's Federal City Club was a farewell affair for Pundit **Walter Lippmann**, 77, who is leaving the capital after 29 years to write his political columns from New York. It was supposed to be a private affair, and the club's president, Columnist Charles Bartlett, was shocked a few days later to find that the Washington Post had published the text of Lippmann's remarks at the party—a wry goodbye to Washington and a few observations on U.S. foreign policy. "The dignity of the occasion," Bartlett huffily told Post Managing Editor Ben Bradlee, "was marred by your professional zeal." With that, Bradlee and the Post's editor, Russ Wiggins, got huffy themselves and resigned from the club. All of which left Lippmann bewildered, since he had given the Post permission to print his talk in the first place.

The diplomacy involved is a bit delicate, since the U.S. State Department would prefer not to turn the defection into any more of an international flap than it already is. Indeed, at first it seemed that the U.S. had turned down Stalin's daughter **Svetlana**, 41, when she showed up at the U.S. embassy in New

Delhi. Last week, while Svetlana remained in hiding in Switzerland, the State Department clarified its position somewhat by reporting that it had in fact issued her a visa to come to the U.S.; the question of whether she will eventually be granted asylum has been left open. However that turns out, the Kremlin is enraged at the Soviet-embassy people in New Delhi who failed to prevent the defection, is calling some of them home for an explanation.

No sooner had the Theater Atlanta Repertory Company started its run of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* than its Queen of the Nile, Actress Kathryn Loder, took a spill onstage and broke her

LEXINGTON-ATLANTA



DIANA SANDS
Queen's breakthrough.

hand. Her doctors ordered her out of the show, and T.A. Director Jay Broad feared he might have to close the run in his new \$1,000,000 house. Then he learned that Negro Actress **Diana Sands**, 32, was playing Lady Macbeth at nearby Spelman College. Would she fill in? Delighted, said Diana. After four days of rehearsals, she opened as Cleopatra, playing to a near-capacity and fully integrated audience. "I thought it was important to do it," said Diana after receiving a five-minute ovation. "I thought it might be a breakthrough."

Long one of the most dogged congressional critics of the Central Intelligence Agency, Minnesota's Senator **Eugene McCarthy**, 51, admitted sheepishly to the Women's National Press Club that he now rather hesitates to chastise members of groups bankrolled by the CIA. "I've just found out," he said, "that I'm a member of the board of directors of half a dozen different organizations supported by the CIA."



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Radical, Revolutionary Church of The Netherlands

The Second Vatican Council unleashed a passion for change in the Roman Catholic Church that has shown no signs of subsiding. And nowhere has the urge to question and challenge the past taken deeper roots than in The Netherlands, where a branch of the church once noted for its stodgy conservatism has suddenly become the acknowledged center of avant-garde thinking within Catholicism.

"Orthodoxy is the tragedy of Christianity," says the Rev. Joos Arts, the priest-editor of a Catholic weekly called *De Nieuwe Lint*. "What we need is a rethinking of all the basics of Christi-

Dutch theologians also reject original sin as an inherited spiritual stigma on the soul; instead regard the doctrine as a symbolic way of expressing the truth that man exists in a sinful, imperfect world. For that reason, some thinkers question the need for infant baptism. "To say that a human being is born damned and continues to be damned until he is baptized is utter nonsense," says Lay Theologian Daniel de Lange, secretary of The Netherlands' ecumenical center, Heaven and hell? Dominican Theologian Willem van der Mark shrugs them off as myth: "Heaven and hell just do not preoccupy us any more."

Halfway House. Elsewhere in Catholicism, the subject of clerical celibacy is still mostly a matter of prudent debate. Dutch theologians assume that it is only

attending the council," she says. Mrs. Govaart also challenges church teaching on the sinfulness of premarital sex. "It is ridiculous to assume that intercourse should end in marriage," she says. Despite her startlingly open-minded views, she has suffered no censure from the Dutch hierarchy.

Once as hostile as warring African tribes, the Protestant and Catholic churches of The Netherlands have reached a remarkable degree of accord. Mixed marriages are often celebrated jointly by priests and ministers, and non-Catholics are no longer required to promise that they will raise their children in the church. Interfaith Eucharists, although forbidden by Rome, are common. Many of these have been celebrated by an ecumenical organization called Shalom, which every Friday re-enacts the Last Supper in the guise of a "Eucharistic happening" or a "love meal." Members of the group, which includes Protestants and Catholics, take turns consecrating the elements and distributing communion.

Behind Closed Doors. Dutch Catholics modestly insist that they have no monopoly on Catholic radical thinking. "What we discuss openly," says Father Schillebeeckx, "is often discussed behind closed doors elsewhere." True or not, there is no doubt that Pope Paul VI and the Roman Curia have been deeply distressed about the extent to which the Dutch have challenged doctrine and tradition. The Pope's 1965 encyclical on the Eucharist was clearly directed against the theories of several Dutch theologians who had proposed to describe Christ's Real Presence in the bread and wine as transsignification rather than transubstantiation. Last January, when Rome issued a warning against excesses in liturgical experiment, a Vatican spokesman explained that the directive had been aimed at certain informal Communion services which had taken place in The Netherlands. Currently, officials of the Congregation for Doctrine are studying a new Dutch catechism, approved by the hierarchy, that leaves open to question the literal truth of the Virgin birth, and tacitly approves artificial birth control.

Disdaining of the Vatican's foreboding, Dutch theologians insist that they are not on the verge of creating a schism. "We cannot become isolated from Rome," says Schillebeeckx, "but we can tell Rome what we think." To prevent an open breach, the Dutch church depends strongly on the diplomatic skill of its hierarchy, headed by Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink of Utrecht. Although the bishops have publicly warned against excesses of reform, they have, in effect, tolerated the radical questioning of doctrine that is going on in The Netherlands, and have backed many priests whose views have got them in Dutch with Rome. "It is always a good thing for the church to move forward," says Alfrink. "It is not good if the church comes to a standstill."



ALFRINK



MRS. GOVAART



SCHILLEBEECKX

Questioning everything from original sin to celibacy.

anity. We must break away from the formal dogma of the Catholic Church." Methodically, Dutch theologians are doing just that. Among the first to attack the church's traditional teaching on contraception and clerical celibacy, priests and laymen are now questioning everything from the virginity of Mary to the traditional view that premarital intercourse is sinful.

Presence in the Heart. Such challenging of accepted doctrine is not done by a handful of youthful Christian rebels but by mature and sober thinkers with considerable reputations outside their own country. Many Dutch theologians intimate that the perpetual virginity of Christ's mother may be a myth. "It is more modern," says one, "to believe that Christ was the son of Mary and Joseph." Dominican Theologian Edward Schillebeeckx, 52, a *peritus* (expert) at the Second Vatican Council, proposes that the Resurrection of Jesus may not have been the physical reconstitution of his body but a unique kind of spiritual manifestation. "One generally likes to consider his Resurrection," he says, "as being the impact of his personality on his disciples and his presence in the hearts of all Christians."

a matter of time before priests will be allowed to marry if they wish to. Last fall, 1,700 of the nation's 5,000 diocesan priests signed a petition urging the Dutch hierarchy to consider ending compulsory celibacy. The question is likely to be debated next summer at a nationwide synod, where clergy and laymen will join bishops in deciding the future of the Dutch church. The bishops, moreover, are notably sympathetic to the problems of the 200 priests who have resigned from office in the past three years, many of them to marry. With Vatican permission, a handful of the married clergy have been allowed to remain in their pastoral posts, and this month the bishops set up a "halfway house" to counsel priests who have decided to seek laicization.

Birth control, for the Dutch, is another closed question. Surveys indicate that 60% of Catholic women in The Netherlands practice contraception, most of them with the tacit approval of their parish priests. One of them is Mrs. Tine Govaart, a mother of three, and a leading Catholic laywoman who attended the first two sessions of Vatican II as an unofficial observer and journalist. "I started taking the pill when I was

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MEDICINE

DRUGS

Sifting Fact from Fantasy

Truth drugs and hypnosis. Any TV espionage agent worth his salt knows that these are surefire tools for compelling a reluctant subject to tell the truth. Most lately they were employed in New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's investigation into the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Indicted last week on conspiracy charges growing out of that probe, businessman Clay Shaw had been linked to the assassination during a preliminary hearing by State Witness Perry Russo, 25, a Baton Rouge insurance salesman. Garrison's investigators supposedly checked out Russo's veracity beforehand by hypnotizing him and giving him an injection of a so-called "truth drug," Pentothal Sodium.

The man who administered the drug, Orleans Parish Coroner Dr. Nicholas Chetta, apparently came away from the session convinced that Russo actually heard former Airline Pilot David Ferrie (who died mysteriously last month) plotting to kill Kennedy with Shaw and "Leon Oswald" at a party in September 1963. Defending his use of the drug on Russo, Chetta said that the technique successfully removes a patient's "men-



CORONER CHETTA*

Limited by the twilight.

tal blocks," thus helps him in "recalling things." That is an accurate enough statement of the drug's potential—as far as it goes.

Drowsily Dependent. Pentothal Sodium (actually a trade name for thiopental sodium), like such related barbiturates as Amytal Sodium and Nembutal, is a depressant that loosens the tongue in much the same way that whisky does. It often alters consciousness enough to make a patient drowsily dependent on the doctor, who then can coax him into spilling information that he has been withholding. By bringing a patient's repressed feelings into the open, truth

drugs can be of considerable help in psychiatric therapy.

But psychiatrists warn that the value is limited. Strong-willed subjects, for example, are apt to be largely unaffected by the drugs. Those most susceptible, the weak-willed and guilt-ridden, may succumb so completely, says Psychiatrist Fredrick Redlich, Yale's new medical dean (TIME, March 24), that they say what they sense their interrogator wants to hear. This can confound even highly trained psychiatrists. Truth drugs, says Redlich, put patients in "a twilight zone where it is very difficult to tell truth from fantasy." Some people, in fact, can lie at will under the truth drugs. In an experiment that pretty much proved this, the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital supplied volunteers with a ready-made lie, promised them \$5 apiece if they would stick it to under Amytal. Most of them stuck to it and collected the \$5.

No Guarantee. Even more of a problem is the fact that disturbed people who believe their own fantasies continue to do so even under truth drugs—a factor that also is known to produce unreliable results on polygraph (lie detector) tests. The Kennedy assassination, of course, holds particular fascination for many such individuals. Houston Psychiatrist C. A. Dwyer says that he knows of 15 people in his city alone who have spun incredible tales about the assassination (one tells of having seen Jacqueline Kennedy give Lee Harvey Oswald money), adds that some of them would probably give much the same accounts under the effects of thiopental.

To get at the real truth, says New York Psychiatrist Anthony Maniscalco, the doctor must "know the patient, his thoughts and the parts of his mind that aren't functioning as they should." Even then, adds a psychiatrist at New York's Manhattan State Hospital, truth drugs "are not sufficiently perfected to warrant placing anybody's life at stake." Coroner Chetta, a physician but not a psychiatrist, admits that he put Russo under thiopental only once, met him for the first time just an hour beforehand. As for Russo himself, it was brought out at the preliminary hearing that he had once been under psychiatric care for a period of at least 18 months; Russo's own utterances on the witness stand left little doubt among a number of psychiatrists that his mind was cluttered and disoriented.

Garrison also had New Orleans Dr. Esmond A. Fatter hypnotize Russo on three occasions, even though subjects under hypnosis, like those on truth drugs, are known to dispense fantasy as fact. Baylor University Psychologist Dr. Jack Tractkier, an authority on hypnosis, says flatly that hypnosis "is no guarantee of truth. A person can lie just as well under hypnosis as he can under normal conditions."

* Holding picture of Pilot Ferrie's brain.

ANESTHESIOLOGY

Robot of Life & Death

Sim One has a heart beat, pulse and blood pressure. His chest moves as if it were breathing, his eyes dilate, his muscles twitch, his mouth opens and closes. Sim (for simulator) One is a fiber-glass-and-steel robot, designed to play the part of a patient for anesthesiologists in training at Los Angeles County General Hospital.

Sim One is particularly good for practice in endotracheal intubation, a technique that involves slipping a tube into the patient's windpipe and adminis-



DENSON & ABRAHAMSON WITH SIM ONE

All but a groan.

tering anesthetic gases through it directly into the lungs. The procedure, used in 90% of all major surgery, requires so much delicacy and speed that student anesthesiologists usually take at least three months to learn it. With Sim One's help, the training time may be cut to two days. Developed under a \$272,000 U.S. Office of Education grant by the University of Southern California School of Medicine and Aerojet-General's Von Karman Center, the robot is life-sized (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.). Its skin feels like skin, and it comes equipped with a tongue, vocal cords, an esophageal opening and bronchial tubes.

Moreover, its electronic organs are computer-programmed to simulate virtually all the symptoms and physiological responses the anesthesiologist may encounter during an actual operation. From a nearby console, which monitors such things as the gas rate and the amount of oxygen in the blood, the instructor can suddenly introduce lifelike problems merely by pushing a button. Sim One can be made to vomit, suffer heart arrest, go into shock, react to drugs.

The muscle relaxant succinylcholine, for example, can be injected into the robot's body, and will cause twitches in the neck area the way it does in humans.

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way that too much pressure on the anesthesiologist's equipment can knock them out. At operation's end, Sim One
opens its eyes and blinks—if all goes well. If it all goes badly, Sim One "dies."

As its name suggests, Sim One is the
first in what is expected to be a long line
of medical robots. U.S.C.'s Dr. Stephen
Abrahamson, who developed the robot
with colleague Dr. J. S. Denson, expects
that future generations will bleed and
sweat, perhaps even groan.

OPTOMETRY

Reading Glasses for the "Blind"

People with corrected vision of
20/200 or worse are legally blind. Even
with magnifying glasses or special reading
spectacles, they cannot read ordinary
newspaper or magazine print. Some

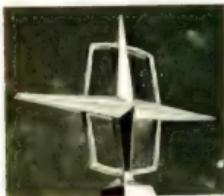
OPTOMETRIST



FEINBLOOM FITTING "BINOCULARS"
Joining a microscope to a telescope.

420,000 Americans fall into this category; to help them see, Manhattan Optometrist Dr. William Feinblom has developed "reading binoculars" that magnify 3.5 times and enable many of the legally blind who are not totally sightless to read with relative ease.

Feinblom's binoculars are telemicroscopes mounted bifocal-style in the lower portion of ordinary prescription glasses. Made up of four lenses (one of them a "doublet" of two lenses cemented together) separated by three sealed air spaces, the tiny, high-powered units not only provide magnification but also correct aberrations. They are focused so that the lines of vision of both eyes converge at the normal reading distance of 16 inches. Since he developed the new glasses (price \$300), Feinblom has tried them out on 360 "blind" people. He has found fewer than ten whom they failed to help. Though designed especially for reading, they have proved useful in cooking, sewing, shopping—anything, says Feinblom, that requires "good close vision."



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SPORT

RODEO

The Grey Flannel Cowboy

It is one thing for a hockey player to pose for collar ads, for a baseball manager to turn banker, for a track star to get elected to Congress—or even for an ex-boxer to take up 32 lines in *Who's Who*. But when a rodeo cowboy drifts into town in his own \$11,500 airplane, passes up the saloons and heads instead for Howard Johnson's—"because I like the ice cream"—well, respectability has crossed the last frontier.

Any resemblance between Larry Mahan, 23, and the bowlegged characters who worked the oldtime rodeo circuit is purely coincidental. Mahan does not even know how to roll his own cigarettes. In fact, he does not smoke, or drink hard liquor. He shaves every morning, says "Sir" and "Ma'am," and occasionally wears a suit and a tie. He owns land in Oregon and a power sweeping company in San Diego; he is a partner in businesses in Arizona and Texas. Larry could be anything but a cowboy—until he climbs on the back of a bucking stallion or a 2,000-lb. Brahama bull. Then he is the rootin'est-tootin'est cowpoke who ever buckled on chaps.

Three Skills. After competing in all three of rodeo's riding events—bareback, saddle broncs and bulls—Mahan last year became the second-youngest man ever to win the All-Around Cowboy title (rodeo's equivalent of Most Valuable Player) and the fourth-highest money winner of all time when he collected \$40,358. Last week at the Phoenix Jaycees Rodeo, he won \$2,138 (plus a \$750 jeweled belt buckle) to run his 1967 prizes to \$17,262, a full \$6,134 more than his closest competitor for All-Around honors and by far the highest amount ever won by a cowboy so early in the season.

Mahan's record is all the more impressive because each of the three riding events requires different skills and tactics. In both saddle bronc and bareback riding, a cowboy must keep his balance on a bucking horse for 8 sec.—while holding on with only one hand. But a saddle bronc is outfitted with a saddle, stirrups, a halter and one rein, while the only thing a bareback rider can hang onto is a leather belt, fastened around the horse's belly. It isn't enough merely to stay on for 8 sec.; each cowboy is also rated on the quality of his ride—which means spurring the horse into frantic action. But not too frantic. On a saddle bronc, says Mahan, "you will have to spur fore and aft. If you spur him in the belly, he'll toss you into the grandstand." On a bareback ride, the idea is to "keep your body back and roll your spurs up the horse's neck."

Five Breaks. Bull riding requires no spurring. Bulls are mad enough as it is. What is needed is balance, and raw



MAHAN ABOUT TO BE THROWN IN PHOENIX (RIGHT, CLOWN IN BARREL)
Without even rolling.

courage—the courage to climb aboard a heaving, spinning animal that outweighs you by nearly a ton, and stay there for 8 sec. Mahan readily admits to a natural distaste for bulls: "No horse, no matter how mean, will deliberately charge you after he throws you. But a Brahama bull will; he'll come right after you, hoping to do you in."

In 1961, while he was still in high school, Mahan was thrown by a bull, which then stepped on his jaw and broke it in five places. He has since had a face bone shattered, a rib broken and three vertebrae cracked. Last week in Phoenix, a bull threw him alongside a metal barrel in which a rodeo clown was hiding, then turned, charged, missed Mahan by a hair, but caught the barrel and butted its 300-lb. weight 6 ft. into the air. The clown was lucky to escape with only minor injuries. It was a close call for all concerned. "I consider myself fortunate," says Mahan. "Oh, I worry sometimes. But the thing I like most about rodeo is that it's so unpredictable."

PRIZEFIGHTING

The Impossible Dream

Bookmakers dismissed the fight as a mismatch and refused to take bets. Still, Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay, 25, insisted he was really worried by Challenger Zora Folley, a 34-year-old pug who had already been beaten by Sonny Liston, Henry Cooper and Ernie Terrell—all of whom Clay had koyood. "I'm scared," said Cassius. "Anything can happen."

Nothing did. In Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week, Clay hit Folley with two perfect right crosses to the chin. The first dumped Folley for a count of nine in the fourth round; the

second put him down for keeps in the seventh—ending what the Garden's own publicity men called "The Impossible Dream." The only surprising thing about Clay's ninth title "defense" in the past 22 months was that 13,780 people paid money to see it. Cassius' cut of the purse was \$264,838—which was impressive enough but may not do him much good where he is going. Ordered to report for induction into the Army on April 11, Black Muslim Clay says he may opt for jail instead.

COACHES

Out

"I don't know what I am going to do for a living now," sighed Pete Elliott, 40, "but it obviously will have to be a new career." Elliott's old career as head football coach at the University of Illinois ended abruptly last week after the Big Ten's faculty representatives refused to relent on their decision to ban Illinois out of the conference unless Pete was fired—along with Illinois Basketball Coach Harry Combes and Combes's assistant Howard Braun (TIME, March 10). The three coaches had been found guilty of providing needy athletes with "walking-around money" from an alumi-ni-financed slush fund.

Illinois itself had brought the existence of the slush fund to the attention of the Big Ten, but the faculty representatives were adamant: Elliott, Combes and Braun were through as coaches—although they could remain at the university in a purely teaching capacity. That sop hardly impressed the coaches, all three of whom formally resigned. And it did nothing to mollify the Illinois legislature, which set up a ten-man committee to investigate the goings-on at other Big Ten colleges. No

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telling what the committee may find. The father of one Illinois athlete claimed last week that his son had been offered \$100 per month to play instead for Michigan State, Indiana or Iowa.

BASEBALL

Signs of Spring

Can Mickey make it? Does life begin at 38? Will the Brat and the Professor come to blows? Can Super Jew and No Neck survive the jug test? Those were the weighty, provocative questions confronting every red-blooded American last week. It was that time again, and Poet Don Marquis was probably right when he rhapsodized: "Oh, what the hell, it's spring." Marquis, of course, was not a baseball fan.

The season's start was still three weeks away, but in New York, Mickey



FORD PITCHING AGAINST DODGERS
His jug runneth over.

Mantle's conversion from outfielder to first baseman—and his subsequent stop at a sizzling grounder in an exhibition game—competed for attention with President Johnson's return from Guam. Column after column chronicled the comeback attempt of Yankee Pitcher Whitey Ford, 38, who underwent surgery for a circulatory blockage after a sorry 2-5 season in 1966. Ford was not going to sign his 1967 contract until he tested his repaired arm in spring training; the World Champion Baltimore Orioles homed him for nine hits and five runs in three innings, but against the Los Angeles Dodgers, Whitey went five innings and allowed just one run. So Ford signed for \$65,000.

There were all sorts of ways to get into print. Eddie ("the Brat") Stanky, manager of the Chicago White Sox, did it by trading insults with Casey ("the Professor") Stengel. Stanky was plumping for a new rule that would permit the same pinch hitter to appear more than once in a game; Stengel called the

proposal "a farce," and Stanky retorted: "I don't make rules for farces, no matter what any 75-year-old expert says." Stengel is 76.

Finally, there were the rookies; and their flirtation with fame may very well end as soon as the pitchers throw them a few "jugs"—curves. But so far, at least, the 1967 harvest looks like a bumper crop.

The White Sox are singing the praises of Walter ("No Neck") Williams, a runty (5 ft. 6 in.) outfielder who hit .330 through four minor-league seasons. The Red Sox are high on Outfielder Reggie Smith, last year's batting champion (at .320) in the Class AAA International League.

Baltimore Manager Hank Bauer may have the drop on the rest of the rookie crew with California's Mike ("Super Jew") Epstein, who stands 6 ft. 3 1/2 in., weighs 238 lbs., has a Star of David stenciled on his glove and can belt a baseball clear out of sight. The only trouble Hank has with Mike is carrying on a conversation. Mike, who studies social psychology in the off-season, likes to quote Socrates, Shakespeare and Ralph Waldo Emerson; even when he is talking baseball, he tosses off such words as indigenous and meaningfulness. Bauer finally had to take him to task. "Don't give me none of your high-falutin talk," he ordered. "I can't understand you." Which might get to be a problem if Mike passes the jug test.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won?

► U.C.L.A.: a 79-64 victory over Dayton's outclassed Flyers, in the finals of the N.C.A.A. basketball championships at Louisville. With 7-ft. 12-in. Lew Alcindor pouring in 20 points and picking off 14 rebounds, the heavily favored Bruins closed out their season with a perfect 30-0 record. In New York's National Invitation Tournament, the other big post-season playoff, Southern Illinois made it a clean sweep for favorites by beating Marquette in the finals 71-56.

► Stanford's Greg Buckingham, 21: the 200-yd. freestyle at the N.C.A.A. indoor swimming championships, beating Yale's Don Schollander—winner of four gold medals at the 1964 Olympics—and breaking Schollander's U.S. record with a clocking of 1 min. 41.3 sec. at East Lansing, Mich. Buckingham set another U.S. mark (14 min. 37 sec.) in the 500-yd. freestyle, and his Stanford teammate Dick Roth also won two events: the 200-yd. and 400-yd. individual medleys.

► Oxford: the 113th Oxford-Cambridge boat race, by an easy 31 lengths on London's Thames River. With California's Jonathan Jensen rowing No. 4 and Connecticut's John Bockstoer in the bow, the Dark Blue eight swept into the lead at the start, maintained a steady beat of 34 strokes per min., and stayed in front for the full 4 miles, 374 yds.

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SCIENCE

AVIATION

The Crowded Skies

The color pictures and charts that begin on the opposite page tell the remarkable story of a jetliner's nonstop flight across the U.S. Oddly enough, one of the remarkable things about the flight was that it was not remarkable at all. The TWA 707 took off from Los Angeles International Airport, soared smoothly across the nation, landed at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport. No hitches, no nervous moments, no bother. And therein lies an even more remarkable story—a story that involves 14,000 highly trained and dedicated men who work with some of the most

small location-marker beacons on the ground that light a bulb on the aircraft's instrument panel as it passes overhead, to huge, long-range radar systems that track aircraft and are linked to distant air-traffic control centers by microwave.

Like the highways below them, the nation's airways are becoming increasingly congested. At any moment during daylight hours, the FAA estimates, there are between 8,000 and 9,000 planes aloft in the U.S. airspace, as many as 4,000 of them in the "Golden Triangle," formed by lines connecting Chicago, New York and Washington. With 1,000 new planes a month being added to the nation's aircraft population, the traffic

onal aviation fleet of business and pleasure craft will increase from 95,442 to 180,000.

"Aviation is growing so explosively that we are not even now properly prepared to predict its full measure," says FAA Administrator William ("Bozo") McKee. "This is no exercise in abstract thought. There is an immediacy to the need. The jumbos [Boeing's 490-passenger 747 jets] are coming in 1969, and the supersonic transports will follow. Not only the airways, but the airports must be ready."

Evasive Action. Although today's FAA airways are the most extensive and best-controlled in the world, they are far from foolproof—even with their current traffic load. On two occasions in 1965, for example, airline pilots, confused by optical illusions, took violent evasive maneuvers to avoid airliners that were actually separated from them by 1,000 feet of altitude prescribed by FAA controllers. Such unnecessary evasive maneuvers were cited as the probable cause of the collision over New York's Westchester County between an Eastern Airlines Constellation and a TWA 707 jet. Although both planes were damaged, the 707 limped safely to JFK, and the Constellation managed to crash-land, killing four. In the other accident, the pilot of an Eastern DC-7B approaching JFK maneuvered so violently in order to avoid a Pan American jet that was actually 1,000 feet above him that he lost control and crashed into the Atlantic Ocean, killing all 84 aboard. All four planes were under FAA surveillance, but the pilots chose to believe their eyes, rather than their instruments.

Other problems are posed by the FAA's lack of control over the flights of many of the nation's private aircraft. All commercial airlines and some of the larger and speedier private planes use the airways, operating under instrument flight rules (IFR) even in clear weather to take advantage of the separation and protection afforded by FAA controllers. But many small planes fly by visual flight rules (VFR), permissible when visibility is greater than three miles. Pilots flying VFR are responsible only for seeing and avoiding other aircraft, and are not even prohibited from entering busy FAA control zones.

Earlier this month, a IWA DC-9 on a proper IFR approach to the Dayton airport collided with a twin-engine Beechcraft being flown under VFR on a bright, cloudless day. All 25 aboard the jet and the pilot of the private plane died. A few days later, an American Airlines jet flying IFR toward Newark Airport narrowly missed a small plane flying VFR in the same area.

Potential aerial collisions were uppermost in the minds of a group of air-traffic controllers who last week publicly charged that aviation in the U.S. is reaching a "point of public peril." Speaking for the National Association of Government Employees, which represents some 3,000 of the 14,000



JETLINERS LINED UP FOR TAKEOFF IN SMOGGY LOS ANGELES
So explosive that no one can predict the full impact.

complex and sophisticated electronic apparatus ever devised.

Even before Flight 740 began taxiing toward the runway at Los Angeles, it was under the surveillance and guidance of the Federal Aviation Agency. Careful eyes watched the plane turn at the end of the runway, poised, and then reach for the sky. Flight 740 then became a bright, moving blip on a succession of FAA radarscopes as it was guided along a transcontinental airway.

Golden Triangle. The route taken by Flight 740 is only one segment of the FAA's 350,000-mile network of federal airways, freeways of the sky that are complete with aerial versions of warning signs, access roads, directional guides and even parking places—the holding areas in the vicinity of busy airports. With the help of ground controllers, pilots navigate from point to point along these invisible airways by means of electronic navigational aids that provide course, distance and location information. These "navaids" range from

jams are becoming increasingly heavy—both in the sky and at airports. Of the 9,500 U.S. airports, only 114 can handle jets. And although the FAA estimates that the number of jet airports will increase to 346 by 1970 and to no more than 500 by 1975, their added capacity will not fully relieve the growing pressure or end the flight delays at such busy fields as Chicago's O'Hare, Los Angeles International and New York's John F. Kennedy airports.

Over the next decade, the agency estimates, landings and takeoffs at airports controlled by FAA towers will triple—from more than 41 million in 1966 to 139 million. During the same interval, the annual number of flights by instrument rules will grow from 5.2 million to 12.4 million. The number of U.S. commercial airliners will increase from 2,124 to 3,500. Airline business will soar from 114 million passengers and 76 billion passenger-miles in 1966 to 352 million passengers and 266 billion passenger-miles in 1977. The gen-

CONTROLLING AIR TRAFFIC COAST TO COAST

The Flight of TWA 740

From the tower at Los Angeles International Airport, controller (right) watches TWA Flight 740 taxi out to its assigned runway. As their Boeing 707 rolls by tower, Flight 740's chief pilot and copilot (below) acknowledge the controller's instructions.

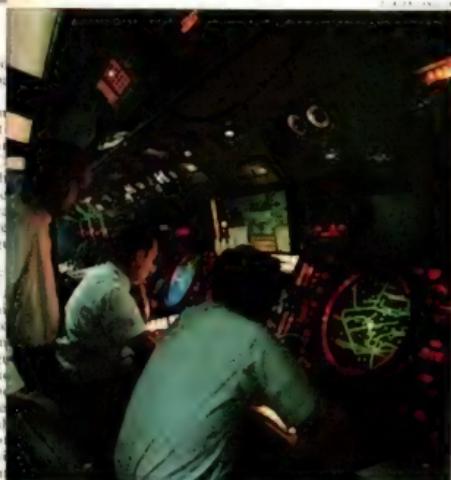


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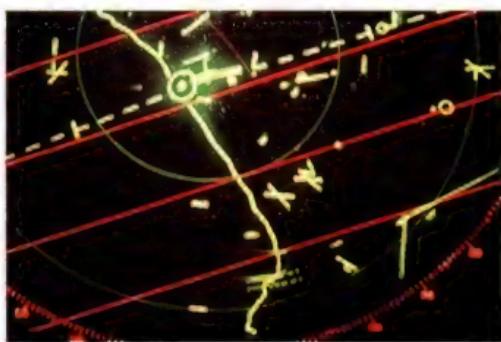
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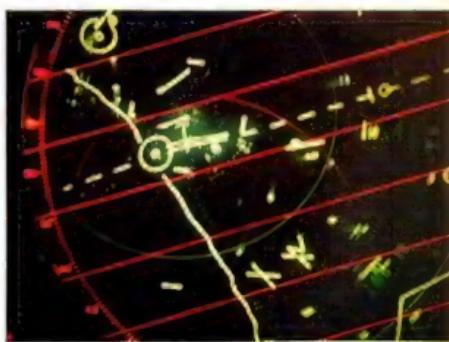
In the IFR (Instrument Flight Rules) room at Los Angeles Airport tower, other controllers (left) take over direction of Flight 740 after it has taken off. Following its flight path on a set of radarscopes, they guide it through heavy air traffic in the vicinity of the airport, remain in control until it is about 20 miles away. Beyond the 20-mile limit, direction of the flight is turned over to the Los Angeles Air Route Traffic Control Center. On



Following two other jets, Flight 740 (left) moves along taxiway past passenger terminals and the arch-enclosed restaurant. Control tower and International Hotel (right) loom through smog.



the IFR radarscopes, aircraft show up as small blips or—when pilot pushes his identification button—as larger double blips. In scope picture at left, Flight 740 is represented by double blip below the flight path (line of dashes) across the center of the scope. After taking off and following its flight path out over the Pacific, it is swinging south toward the course it will take to New York. Near the bottom of the center scope picture, 740



can be seen as it is passing directly over the California coastline. The irregular solid line cutting diagonally across the scope indicates the shore. In the final IFR shot, shown by a double blip at lower right, has moved inland and is approaching New Mexico on an eastward heading. The two circles on scope with dots within represent ground check points used by aircraft as navigational aids.



Leaving the IFR-controlled area, Flight 740 appears next on the radarscope (above) of the Los Angeles Air Route Traffic Control Center. Controllers identify and keep track of 740's blip as it travels on the screen by moving a plastic marker, called a "shrimp boat," along with it. At top, the control center's scope, set at a 15-mile range, shows 740 turning south over the Pacific Ocean. On scope set at 50 miles (center), shrimp boat marks position of plane heading east over California. Scope set at 175 miles shows 740 approaching limits of Los Angeles control area, with other flights near by.

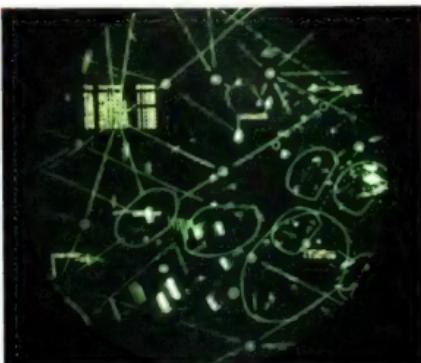


In Los Angeles' Air Traffic Control Center, located in Palmdale, 35 miles north of the city, controllers (above) monitor and direct all aircraft flying within its flight advisory area (see map below). Screen at rear lists up-to-the-





As it nears the end of its transcontinental journey, Flight 740 shows up on radarscopes (below) in New York Air Traffic Control Center, located at Long Island's MacArthur Airport, 45 miles east of Manhattan. Scope employs new, computerized alpha numerics system, which electronically prints flight number, course and altitude next to appropriate blip on scope, eliminating the need for shrimp boat. Numeral 130 under Flight 740 indicates that it is at 13,000-ft. altitude. The plane has made turn over the Atlantic and is approaching the John F. Kennedy International Airport from the east.

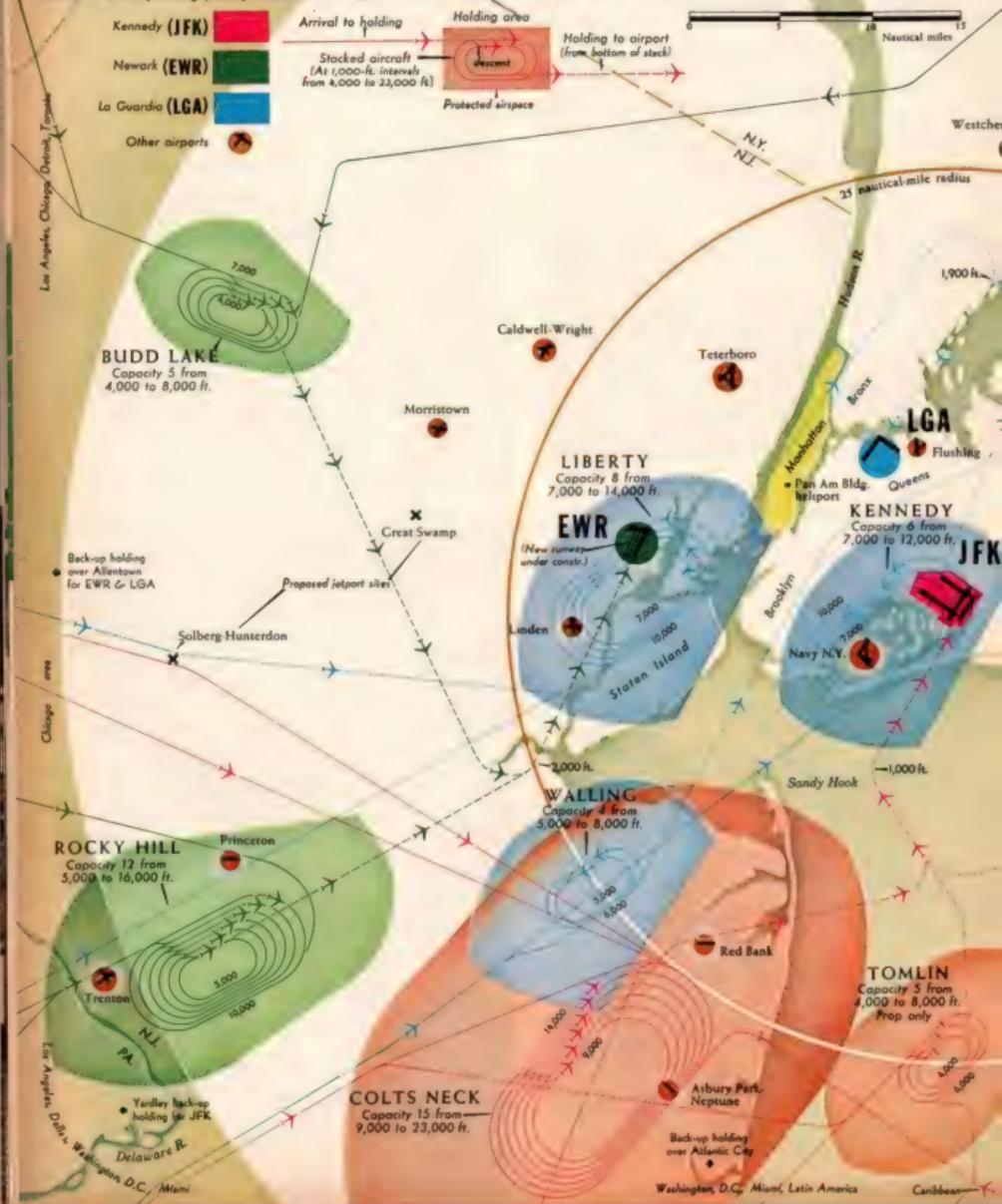


hour weather conditions in control center's area. On its cross country trip to New York, Flight 740 is controlled in sequence by the Los Angeles, Albuquerque, Ft. Worth, Memphis, Indianapolis, Washington and New York centers.

THE NEW YORK BIRD CAGE

(Average daily traffic at 6 p.m. controlled by Instrument Flight Rules)

Map shows 89 aircraft in frozen flight arriving at holding areas, circling in stacks, and landing at Kennedy (37), Newark (26), and La Guardia (26). During the one hour it will take to land all planes, 83 other planes, under I.F.R. will take off (see map lower right). In addition 200 to 300 other aircraft will be operating (mostly under Visual Flight Rules) at all airports in the New York area.





Trailing exhaust smoke from its four jets, Flight 740 flares out for a landing on runway 31 R. Behind it on final approach, American Flight 48 descends toward field.

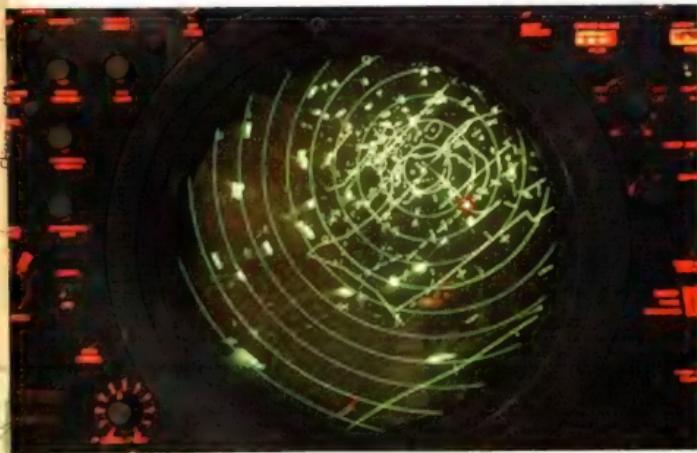


Radar scopes in IFR room in the JFK tower (above) pick up Flight 740, now about twelve miles from the field. Because its transponder is operating to aid controllers,

740 appears on scope as a double blip (below, in red circle) approaching JFK, which is at center of concentric circles. Scope also shows other planes in traffic pattern.



J. ALLEN LANGLEY



LARRY FREDRIKSEN



In the JFK tower, controllers (right) watch taxiing plane and talk it in toward TWA terminal. Radar scope shows heavy traffic in airspace above JFK.





Skies are crowded with lights of heavy air traffic at JFK. Arriving flights have turned on brilliant landing lights as they approach from right, land and streak horizontally down

runway. Departing flights take off in same direction, lift off at varying angles, also displaying their white landing lights along with their flashing green and red running lights.



FAA's McKEE & SST MODEL

With 1,000 new worries a month.

air-traffic controllers employed by the Federal Aviation Agency, ex-Controller Stanley Lyman charged that economies in the FAA had resulted in "seriously underequipped, undermanned, undercompensated and underadministered" traffic-control towers and centers. "We are fortunate that we don't have the collisions now," said Lyman.

In the Boston-Washington air corridor alone, he said, there were between five and nine reported "incidents" per week—situations in which the separation between two aircraft was less than the FAA minimum. If all incidents were logged, Lyman said, there would be from 20 to 25 per week; many go unreported because controllers do not want to take time off from their work or get themselves or flight crews in trouble.

Need for Expansion. Calling the union's charges "exaggerated," the FAA pointed out that there were no mid-air collisions of airliners in 1966 and that most of the 25 mid-air collisions involving private aircraft occurred near small fields that were not under the agency's control. The number of reported near misses declined from 565 in 1965 to 463 in 1966, despite a 19% increase in flight operations. But the growing numbers and speeds of aircraft clearly call for more sophisticated devices to ensure safety in the skies.

Many aviation experts believe that an essential device for preventing high-speed collisions is a collision avoidance system (CAS) that warns the pilot early enough for him to take corrective measures. FAA authorities are hopeful that a CAS device acceptable for airline use may evolve from a system devised by the McDonnell Co. (see cover story) called EROS (for Eliminate Range Zero System). It has already been successfully used by McDonnell in high-altitude testing areas near St. Louis. When an EROS-equipped aircraft is on a collision course with another plane, a beeping

sound is produced in the pilot's earphones. Glancing at his instrument panel, the pilot sees a lighted arrow pointed either up or down, in the direction that EROS calculates he should take to avoid a collision. EROS provides a 60-second advance warning at closing speeds as high as 3,000 m.p.h., adequate for even supersonic transports.

Category II Landings. Equally important for effective air-traffic control is the ability of aircraft to land at their destination in any kind of weather. "If aviation is to reach its full potential," says FAA Deputy Administrator David Thomas, "we shall need to have in daily operation a true, dependable, all-weather landing system. One socked-in airport, even today, disrupts an entire area. Think of the problems that would arise from a zero ceiling and visibility at JFK in the era of 500-passenger planes and SSTs."

Using automatic systems, several U.S. airlines have already been cleared for "Category II" landings at some airports. These permit properly equipped planes to be guided electronically and automatically toward a landing when the ceiling is as low as 100 ft. and visibility is as little as 1,200 ft. At an altitude of 100 ft., the pilot takes over and completes the landing if he can see the lights and markings—or he uses full throttle to climb away if he cannot see them. The FAA is also considering such aids to blind-landing systems as Bendix Microvision, which uses microwave radio signals beamed to the plane by ground transmitters from the sides of the landing strips. The signals form an image of the runway on a display in front of the pilot, enabling him to find it in zero visibility.

In computer-controlled blind landings, the U.S. is somewhat behind British aviation, which has already made 15,000 fully automatic test landings with six different kinds of planes. British pilots keep their hands entirely off the controls as the plane descends, while electronic devices operate the control surfaces and throttle all the way to touchdown. British aviation authorities may certify the VC-10 and other aircraft for fully automatic landings in zero-visibility conditions on regular passenger flights as early as 1969. But U.S. landing systems are also being perfected. Last month a Pan Am jet made a fully automatic landing at New York using a system developed jointly by Boeing and the Sperry Phoenix Co.

Back to the Shrimp Boots. Even while it evaluates these and other advanced air-traffic devices, the FAA has begun to install advanced radar traffic-control systems. Computerized alpha-numeric systems are already in operation in air-traffic control centers in Atlanta, Jacksonville and New York, electronically printing the flight number, course and altitude next to the appropriate airliner blip on the radarscope. Eventually, FAA hopes to blanket U.S. airspace with alpha-numeric coverage, providing a

three-dimensional radar picture of all air traffic equipped with the necessary transponders.

Although the system was designed to take some of the pressure off harried FAA controllers, they themselves have found that alpha numerics poses a few problems of its own. To feed information about a flight into the radarscope and attach that information to the appropriate blip, for example, the controller must turn away from the screen to punch buttons on a computer input box, leaving his flights unattended for several vital seconds. In addition, as the alpha-numeric data blocks move with their appropriate blips across the screen, they occasionally merge with data blocks from other flights, making both sets of data illegible. During heavy traffic, when the screen is crowded with blips and data, controllers switch off the alpha-numeric system and go back to the traditional system of manually moving "shrimp boats"—plastic identification markers—across the screen with their appropriate blips.

Sheer necessity will no doubt soon mother the invention of improved alphanumeric systems. Necessity will also spur the development of fully automatic landing techniques, of collision warning systems, of more effective ways to control aircraft flying under visual flight rules. In the meantime, the bulk of the burden must be borne by the 14,000 controllers in towers and control centers. By intensive training and concentration, these highly trained men have learned to control as many as 21 radar blips—each representing an airplane—at a time. They have learned to steel themselves against confusion and panic, no matter how extreme the emergency. They have developed an intense but quiet pride in their talents, their responsibility and their record.



PILOT TESTING MICROVISION
Runway on the goggles.

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Academic Disaster Area

Despite the steady increase of Negro students at the nation's major universities, the U.S. still has more than 120 colleges that have a predominantly Negro student population. How good are they? In the current issue of the *Harvard Educational Review*, Sociologist David Riesman and Christopher Jencks, a contributing editor of the *New Republic*, deliver a soberly scathing judgment. The Negro colleges, they argue, constitute an "academic disaster area."

Riesman and Jencks contend that the Negro colleges never had a satisfactory rationale for their separation, existing only because white colleges would not admit black students. Dependent largely upon whites for financial survival, the schools have never been aggressive in attacking segregation. For officials of these colleges, "the result was usually self-contempt, born either from acceptance of the white view that Negroes were inferior or from disgust at having succumbed silently to an outrageous injustice, or from both." Their schools became "an ill-financed, ill-staffed caricature of white higher education."

Frustration & Boredom. Most Negro colleges, the authors write, are staffed by a "domineering but frightened president" and a "faculty tyrannized by the president and in turn tyrannizing the students." They "admit almost any high school graduate who will pay tuition and graduate most of those who keep paying." But about half the students simply opt out—and not without reason: "These colleges are so monotonous that it may well be the better students who leave, in frustration or boredom."

The researchers consider it "unlikely that any all-Negro school will ever have a first-rate graduate professional program." The only Negro medical schools—those at Howard University in

Washington and Meharry in Nashville—"rank among the worst in the nation, and would probably have been closed long ago had they not been a main source of doctors willing to tend Negro patients." The five Negro law schools, claim Riesman and Jencks, "are only one jump ahead of the accrediting agencies."

On the undergraduate level, the authors rate only a handful of Negro schools as exceptions to the rule of inferiority. They put Fisk, Morehouse, Spelman, Hampton, Howard, Tuskegee, Dillard, Texas Southern and Morgan State "near the middle of the national academic procession." A few of these schools, they point out, are good enough to attract white students and eventually they may lose their identity as basically Negro schools.

Neurotic Reasons. Riesman and Jencks doubt that the majority of Negro colleges will ever achieve significant student integration. The only whites many can attract are those who attend them "for a mixture of idealistic, exploratory and neurotic reasons." At the same time, white colleges increasingly seek out the best Negro students, contributing further to the decline of the Negro schools. Yet these institutions will not die, say the authors, if only because they "give an otherwise unattainable sense of importance to their trustees, administrators, faculty and alumni."

Separate Negro colleges could justify their continuing existence by "channeling outside money and ideas into the local Negro community," by concentrating on Negro culture, or merely by serving as "residential secondary schools" to offset poor instruction in lower grades. But all these alternatives, the authors admit, would "entail an intolerable loss of status." In effect, Riesman and Jencks urge most Negro colleges to lower their sights. For most academically untrained and unmotivated students, black or

white, the best that a college can expect to do is "improve their basic skills a little," give them an idea of what middle-class life is like and provide them with the diploma that could help them enter that life. College comes too late, they contend, to make "the life of the mind" either "attractive or accessible to many students who have been intellectually starved for their first 17 years."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Alabama Must Integrate

In an effort to end some of the academic deprivation that Negro children have suffered in Alabama, a federal district court last week ordered the state board of education to integrate all public schools by next fall. The unanimous decision by a three-judge panel marks the first time that an entire state has been put under injunction to desegregate. Previously, civil rights organizations have had to seek rulings against individual school districts. Despite years of bitter court litigation, only 19 of Alabama's 118 school boards have been explicitly enjoined to end segregation in their schools.

The new court order, signed by District Judges Frank M. Johnson Jr. and H. H. Groves and Judge Richard T. Rives of the Circuit Court of Appeals, came in response to a suit initiated last November by the N.A.A.C.P. It charged that Alabama's Governor and the state board of education were wilfully evading the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation rulings. The Montgomery court in effect goes beyond the Supreme Court guideline that integration should proceed with "all deliberate speed," which had provided a convenient loophole for the state to delay compliance with the law. So far, substantive integration steps have been taken in only 58 of Alabama's school districts; only 76 of the state's 28,000 teachers are currently assigned to schools containing students of another race.

In their decision, the judges noted that



RIESMAN



SOCIOLOGY CLASS AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY

"An ill-financed, ill-staffed caricature of white higher education."



JENCKS

segregation had saddled the Negro community with "markedly inferior educational opportunities." More than 25% of the Negro high schools in Alabama are unaccredited, compared with 3.4% of the white schools. Moreover, Alabama's investment in school buildings and equipment is \$607 for each white student, only \$295 for every Negro pupil.

The court order allows every student to enroll in the school of his choice starting next fall and implies that punitive action will be taken against state and school board officials who seek to evade the ruling. It also tosses out as unconstitutional a state law under which tuition grants of \$185 a year have been given to white students so that they could attend segregated private schools rather than public schools the courts have ordered to integrate.

STUDENTS Freedom Underground

Marijuana ought to be legalized, argues a writer in *Insight*, published by students at Los Angeles' Hamilton High. The "kill, kill, kill" spirit at North Hollywood High football games suggests a Nazi youth rally, claims the student-edited *Participator*. Such opinions are not precisely what most principals expect to see in their high school newspaper. In these cases, the authorities were in no position to object, since the articles appeared in off-campus publications. Catching the rebellious fervor of their college elders, high school students are turning out a rash of unsupervised and unauthorized "underground" newspapers to express what they claim are their real convictions.

No one knows how many such papers exist, since they appear sporadically, frequently flounder and die for lack of financial support or reader interest. Most of them are started by bright, active youngsters who are fed up with the blandness of official school papers. In Middletown, Conn., for example, High School Senior John Beaman began editing the *OneLetter*—"It Doesn't Fry People, People Fry It"—because students have "no outlet to express any controversy." Beaman, who was once expelled for wearing a beard, collected a staff of a dozen teen-agers from three Middletown high schools with only one viewpoint in common: "They were dissatisfied with the status quo."

Ronnie Raygun. The underground papers flail away at any handy target. The *Worrier* was started by students of Los Angeles' University High after the official school paper, the *Warrior*, called anti-Viet Nam protesters "cowards." While the *Worrier* assails the war, as do many other underground papers, it seems equally alarmed over school rules against short dresses and long hair. There is something wrong with teachers, argues the *Worrier*, who are "more interested in their students' legs than in their minds." Belligerently political, the *Worrier* calls California Governor Ron-



TAYLIN (RIGHT) & "INSIGHT" READER
At any handy target.

ald Reagan's administration "the Ronnie Raygun Show."

Los Angeles' unauthorized *Insight* is edited by Barry Taylin, 17, who quit his regular school paper because he felt it was too often censored. Inviting contributions from students throughout the city, *Insight* objects to adult complaints about teen-age tendencies toward free sex, claims that grown-ups are the ones "who patronize topless restaurants" and "publish and read the sadistic sex magazines." When adults contend that sexy movies might "corrupt the minds of our youth," they imply "either that the adults have corrupt minds already or that it's O.K. to corrupt them."

Obscenities & Attacks. Unfettered by faculty advisers, a few underground papers sometimes contain childish obscenities and sophomoric attacks on school officials. Principals and teachers tend to deplore the underground journals, frequently ban them from school grounds or suspend the editors. Sometimes, however, the journalistic excellence of the papers wins out. In Needham, Mass., for example, after students at the town's high school founded the *Razir*, it quickly proved so worthy that officials let it circulate freely on campus. Coming up from underground, the paper is now sponsored by the city's Interfaith Youth Council, has a local Congregational minister as its adviser.

FOUNDATIONS Cutting Back at Ford

For years the Ford Foundation has lived beyond its means: total grants have exceeded income by more than \$1 billion, and foundation officials have had to dip into capital assets—consisting mostly of Ford Motor Co. stock—to make up the difference. Now Ford has decided to retrench.

In his first annual report since moving

to Ford from the White House, President McGeorge Bundy last week served notice that the foundation was cutting back its grants from the current annual rate of \$362 million to around \$200 million, which would still be about \$40 million in excess of this year's estimated income. Those who have benefited most from Ford generosity—U.S. colleges and universities—will be hardest hit, though they still remain high on the foundation's list of priorities. One program that may end is the matching of capital grants, under which 80 colleges and universities received \$316 million over the past six years for such purposes as plant expansion and salary boosts.

The change in foundation policy, said Bundy, was dictated by the realization that even if Ford gave away its entire \$2.5 billion endowment, it could not meet the schools' immense and growing needs for more funds. He argued that more needs to be done by individuals and private corporations, who are not giving "what they could and should" to higher education. Bundy criticized the timidity of college trustees for not investing their \$12 billion in endowments more imaginatively to achieve greater growth.

Bundy also favored more federal assistance to higher education, saying that it is "good, and needed—and should grow" from last year's total of \$4 billion. He sees the Ford Foundation's own role as that of an experimenter, innovator and catalyst, doing what others are not equipped to do. Foundations, says Bundy, should "search for leverage in which national resources can be more effectively put to work on a problem." One new area of experimentation under study at Ford is a long-term program to reform graduate education, involving the ten "pace-setting" universities that award the majority of Ph.D.s in the social sciences and humanities.

Donating More

Although the Ford Foundation complained that U.S. higher education was not getting enough contributions from private sources, the annual survey of donations to 50 major colleges and universities by the John Price Jones Co., Inc., a Manhattan fund-raising firm, indicated that individuals and corporations gave a record \$211,213,000 in 1965-66. Total donations which also included bequests and foundation grants, were down slightly from the previous year, to \$440,426,000.

The top twelve beneficiaries:

Harvard	\$44,464,000
M.I.T.	40,740,000
California	34,615,000
Yale	27,050,000
Chicago	26,412,000
N.Y.U.	25,043,000
Cornell	24,984,000
Pennsylvania	23,494,000
Stanford	21,217,000
Columbia	18,815,000
Johns Hopkins	12,578,000
Northwestern	11,748,000

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Civic Conscience

Renewal. Urban sprawl. Relocation. High rise v. low rise. Blighted areas. Glass-box buildings. Open space. Population density.

For big-city newspapers, some of the most important new language and news in recent years has concerned the condition of the city itself. As billions of dollars are spent on the revitalization of dying downtowns, as crumbling old neighborhoods are bulldozed away, as the past gives way to the present, a hybrid journalist is developing—the urban reporter-critic. Reporting, he keeps citizens abreast of what's going up and coming down, what city planners envision for the future. Criticizing, he serves as a civic conscience—denouncing the banal, calling for conservation of the historic or unique, pointing out that planners who think big sometimes err even bigger.

Subjects of such size often provoke pomposity, but the major critics turn out lively as well as worthy copy.

► Allan Temko, 43, is the hip, peppery critic for the San Francisco Chronicle. He likes to think of himself as a cultural historian with a mass audience. "I have a well-developed jugular instinct when confronted with mediocrity," he says. In the six years he has written for the paper, he has drawn his share of blood. Almost singlehanded, he forced the Catholic Church to revise ultraconventional plans for a new cathedral; he caused the city to change its plans for a bridge spanning south San Francisco Bay. "What a graceful, avant-garde bridge," he says of the finished product, "and they were going to have us driving in a cage over the most beautiful bay in the world." He once complained: "Although I am not especially eager for my daughter to marry one, some of my best friends are engineers." Says Chroni-

cle City Editor Abe Mellinkoff: "Temko's stuff is just as salable as a murder in the Tenderloin."

► Wolf Von Eckardt, 49, a wide-ranging critic for the Washington Post, is a self-appointed protector of Washington monuments past and to come—but he is engagingly unpredictable. He urged the Kennedy cultural center to copy the best features of New York's Lincoln Center. "The camp thing to do is to call Lincoln Center middlebrow or mediocre," he writes, "but I happen to thrill to noble proportions, a festive progression of spaces, and most of all perhaps to the kind of architecture which, like good writing, is so compelling that you don't even notice that it is good." Disagreeing with the editorial position of his own paper, he came out in favor of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial: "Sure, it looks like granite darts. But it's about time we have something in Washington besides Greek temples and Roman edifices—something from the mid-20th century in which we live." Another something he has suggested, only half in jest, is the construction of floating swimming pools in the Potomac—since nobody seems anxious to clean up the polluted river.

► George McCue, 56, who joined the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in 1943, has been art and urban-design critic since 1956. From the beginning, he was appalled that city planners and artists worked in virtual isolation. "There was neatness and order inside the art galleries," he says, "dignity and chaos outside. Architects and artists were just not in touch." McCue has worked to bring them together to revitalize the city. He has had voice in the city's extensive renewal program. No ideologue, he has favored high-rise buildings in one area, opposed them in another because they would detract from the new, soaring Gateway Arch. "One of the biggest challenges," he says, "is in try-

ing to deal with the this-is-it situation in which many of our enormously complicated public projects are introduced to the public, all gift-wrapped in an elaborate presentation brochure, every design settled, and with the sponsors terribly hopeful that the newspapers will be so much impressed with the feasibility report that they won't be difficult." McCue is always difficult.

► The New York Times' Ada Louise Huxtable, who has held her job since 1963, is a petite 5 ft. 1 in.; yet she throws a lot of weight around. A front-page article of hers describing the chaotic development of Staten Island helped goad the city to belated action. She is, in fact, often consulted by Mayor Lindsay's environment-conscious administration. She is not above deriding what offends her—the Kennedy International Airport, for example ("The promise of the air age, which was bold and brilliant, has petered out into a world of petty vulgarity and perpetual Muzak"), or contemporary religious architecture ("churches poised like moon rockets, synagogues of country-club luxe in jazzy concrete shells, and taurine flying saucer chapels"). She is equally ardent about structures that please her, such as Fero Saarinen's CBS skyscraper, which she compares to the "forbidding stony strength" of Florence's Strozzi Palace. "Since a child," says this native New Yorker who has never lived anywhere else, "I have been a lover of cities and buildings."

The need for environmental criticism is also being met in smaller cities—and across entire regions. Robert W. Gilasgow, regional editor of the Arizona Republic, roams the West, warning that even that land-rich area will have to plan carefully to contain its rapidly growing population. Hub Meeker of the Dayton Journal Herald has succeeded in stimulating a new awareness in his city of architectural design. Douglas Nunn, urban affairs editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, brings to his job a longtime city-hall reporter's grasp of



WOLF VON ECKARDT



GEORGE MCCUE



ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE



ALLAN TEMKO

Just as salable as murder in the Tenderloin.

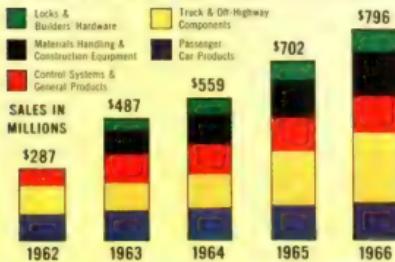


Verified Capability

As the umpire calls "Safe!", he verifies the scoring capability of this professional team.

Record 1966 sales and earnings verify Eaton Yale & Towne financial capability

RECORD SALES WITH BALANCED DIVERSIFICATION



EARINGS PER COMMON SHARE REACH NEW LEVELS



In business, as in baseball, capability is officially verified. For Eaton Yale & Towne, fiscal 1966 is now in the "record book," our new 1966 Annual Report. □ The report shows 1966 sales up 13.4%, net income up 17.4%, and earnings per common share up 16.9% . . . all at record high levels. In 1966, Eaton Yale & Towne continued its record of quarterly dividends per common share, uninterrupted since 1904. □ The "record book" further shows new highs for 1966 in investment for plant and equipment of \$43.5 million. □ And, expenditures for research and development reached a record \$11.5 million.

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1966 Annual Report



EATON YALE & TOWNE INC.



The great engineers of Borg-Warner took a close look at ladies' heels.

And oo-la-la.

The girl in our picture is generating over 15,000 pounds of pressure per square inch as she teeters on the tips of her dainty heels. How do you make heels that can take it? You start in the laboratory, that's how, and with incredibly tough Cycolac® ABS plastic by Borg-Warner.

TWELVE YEARS AGO, the world of fashion had a knotty problem. The era of the stiletto heel was at hand, but the material to build stiletto heels wasn't.

The engineers of Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division couldn't stand for a situation like that.

So they beat a path to the laboratory. Got some ladies, put them into

high-heel shoes, and took slow-motion pictures.

The problem became clear. Find a material that could stand up to pounds day in and day out. That could cling to a metal dowel. That wouldn't get brittle in cold weather. Or soft in hot weather. One you could nail, knock, lacquer, and mold.

That's when the engineers developed a special formulation of their Cycolac® ABS plastic. And made the Cycolac heel.

Today, 9 out of 10 ladies' high heels made in this country are made out of Cycolac. That's over 200 million heels a year!

Who else, besides shoe people, uses Cycolac plastic?

In 1958, Western Electric started using it for telephones. Today, almost all telephones—color as well as black—are made of Cycolac.

Sunbeam uses it for its mixers, hair-dryers, virtually all the small appliances they make. Samsonite uses it, too, for its luggage. So does Polaroid for its Polaroid Swinger camera.

Automobile manufacturers are using

it all over their cars. For instrument clusters, air vents, arm rests, consoles. Now they're even using it on the *outside* of the car for radiator grilles.

Then in 1965, something wonderful happened. Marbon developed a special grade of Cycolac plastic that you can actually *plate* with chrome and other metals. This development has opened up a whole new range of uses for this wondrous plastic.

Of course, Borg-Warner works miracles with other materials, too, through its group of chemical and steel divisions.

In chemicals, they recently came out with an amazing product called Purafil® odoroxidant. It actually *destroys* odors chemically.

In steel, they've just put the finishing touches to one of the most modern facilities in the business, where coils of quarter-inch stainless steel are squeezed almost as thin as a razor blade.

A steel plant is a far cry from a ladies' shoe factory. But if you look behind the scenes at both, the chances are you'll find Borg-Warner's great engineers busily improving something, somewhere.

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Over 15,000 pounds of pressure per square inch? Figure it out for yourself. She weighs 114 pounds. Total heel area touching the ground is less than 1/140 square inch. Multiply weight by 140 and you

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covered, you've
got the right to
get what you want
out of life today.**

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business. The men from
Great-West understand the pressures
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ideas on how you can save for
tomorrow, protect your income, meet
future financial obligations—
and still be in the swim today.

Your future is our business...today

Great-West Life
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CHICHESTER PASSING THE CAPE IN "GIPSY MOTH IV"

Six passes from 60 feet for the scoop.

CENTRAL PRESS

how politics affects city planning. Only last year, Nunn replaced the *Courier-Journal's* veteran city critic, Grady Clay, who has become a consultant to Northwestern University's newly founded urban-affairs school for journalists.

What all the critics have in common is an uncommon passion for urban life. They do not share the still deep-rooted U.S. suspicion of big cities; in fact, they delight in them, even in their imperfect state. Nor is it just the envy of the past they are trying to preserve. "Too many preservationists think that if it's old, it's O.K.," says Mrs. Huxtable, who has shown her own independence by praising the new glass-walled buildings of Park Avenue as "magnificent vernacular architecture." What is called for, she believes, is not sentimental but "constant watchfulness." That means keeping an eye on little things as well as big. She once noted that on approaching the Sam Rayburn statue in the new House Office Building in Washington, a visitor got a view of the seat of Sam's pants. After the piece appeared, the statue was turned around.

REPORTING

Derring-do off Cape Horn

Practically all of Fleet Street rushed to Punta Arenas, Chile, the world's southernmost city. Sir Francis Chichester, 65, the intrepid, unwavering yachtsman, was approaching Cape Horn—one of the most hazardous passages of his solo trip around the world in the 50-ft. ketch *Gipsy Moth IV*. Some 30 newsmen were on hand, most with little knowledge about exactly where Sir Francis was and less about how to find him. They set up a pool arrangement under which a few reporters and photographers would be put aboard a British frigate to pursue *Gipsy Moth*.

The London *Times* was not content with just a pool. The *Sunday Times* and the daily *Times* had bought exclusive

rights to Chichester's own account and had assigned a go-for-broke Australian, Murray Sayle, to handle the story. Sayle hired his own plane, lined up a Chilean pilot named Rodolfo Fuenzalida, whose normal work is to spot schools of fish. Fuenzalida had no hesitation about taking the job, even though the Chilean air force forbids its pilots to fly south of the cape for fear of violent winds. Despite the danger of overloading his Piper Apache, Fuenzalida squeezed in two extra passengers, BBC Reporter Clifford Luton and BBC Cameraman Peter Beggin.

After three futile attempts to find Chichester, the group gave it one last try. They could not have picked a worse day. They flew through a driving rain-storm and gale winds; the ceiling was 600 feet. But 20 miles south of the Cape, they finally spotted Chichester, making about eight knots under a jib that looked the size of a bath towel. Huddled under the storm cover in the cockpit, Chichester waved. Fuenzalida made six passes at 60 feet. Luton was so excited that he recorded a complete commentary before he noticed that he had no tape in his recorder. In order to get pictures, Sayle and Beggin took turns switching seats with Fuenzalida. In the shuffle, Beggin kicked off the fuel control. Fuenzalida noticed it in time, switched the gas back on.

After a tortuous half-hour, Fuenzalida nosed up through the buffeting winds and started back for Punta Arenas. Over the Strait of Magellan, the oil pressure in the right engine dropped to zero, forcing Fuenzalida to turn it off. The Piper lost altitude gradually, just made the runway. Sayle headed straight for the nearest wire-photo machine in Santiago, and next morning the *Times* splashed its scoop on the front page along with Sayle's pictures. Wrote Sayle: "The sight of *Gipsy Moth* plowing bravely through the wilderness of rain and sea was well worth it."

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THE LAW

THE BAR

The Immunity of Prosecutors

Just back from a vacation, Chicago's U.S. District Judge Joseph Sam Perry dealt quickly with a couple of routine items on his docket one morning last week. Then he turned to major business: Case No. 63-C-1426, that of Lloyd Eldon Miller Jr. Last month the Supreme Court reversed the 1956 conviction of Cab Driver Miller for the rape-murder of an eight-year-old girl near the Fulton County city of Canton, Ill. It was up to Judge Perry to answer the next question: Did the state have any basis for keeping Miller in custody?

Judge Perry listened to arguments from both sides. Then he announced: "Petitioner should not be compelled to

was arrested. Miller was held incommunicado for 52 hours, denied counsel and told that one of his pubic hairs had been found in the child's vagina. The police assured him that he was mentally ill and would go to a hospital if he confessed. They wrote his confession, and though he later recanted, it was deemed "voluntary" and used against him.

As physical evidence at the 1956 trial, Fulton County Prosecutor Blaine Ramsey presented a pair of "blood-stained" underpants that police had found one mile from the scene of the crime. The judge refused to let defense chemists analyze the pants, nor did Miller try them on. Miller usually wore boxer-type shorts; these were jockey type, and looked too small for Miller. But with those shorts, Miller's confes-

first time, a chemist hired by the defense was allowed to analyze the shorts. He tested threads from all ten rust-colored areas—and found that the stains were paint. He found "no traces of human blood." The state contended that "everybody" knew about the paint at the trial.

When Miller's case eventually reached the Supreme Court, Justice Potter Stewart said that the state's contention was "totally belied by the record." Stewart pointed out that the prosecutor plainly implied at the trial—and the jury believed—that the shorts were encrusted with only one substance, the child's blood. Yet even if there was blood on the shorts, there was little evidence to connect them with the crime and none whatsoever to connect them with Miller.

Last week Ramsey still insisted that there had been blood on the shorts, while conceding that "perhaps" he had made "only one mistake"—not telling the jury about the paint, which he admitted he knew all about during the trial. Indeed, Ramsey kept quiet about the paint for most of the decade that Miller spent on death row for a murder that remains unsolved.

Rare Approval. What is the reckoning for a prosecutor who knowingly uses false or misleading evidence to help gain a conviction? Usually nothing. All the same, many lawyers across the country are urging professional action against Fellow Lawyer Ramsey, who is now a trust officer for a central Illinois bank. Last week the Illinois Bar Association grievance committee scheduled the matter for consideration April 1. If a bar association believes a lawyer guilty of unethical conduct, it can recommend censure, suspension or outright disbarment. But a state court, usually the highest, must approve—and such cases are rare. Of the nation's 313,000 lawyers, only 86 were disbanded last year.

Over the years, the Supreme Court has reversed dozens of convictions that were based on prosecutors' dubious tactics. But such reversals commonly occur years after a prosecutor has left office, and time seems to immunize the offender. Examples:

► In 1940, Henry Napue was convicted for his alleged part in killing a policeman during a Chicago tavern hold-up. Napue was fingered by one George Hamer, already serving 199 years for the crime, who testified that he had received no promise of special consideration in return for his testimony. Not until 1959 did the Supreme Court reverse Napue's conviction, ruling that the prosecutor had allowed Hamer to lie on the stand after promising to try to get his sentence reduced. No action was taken against the prosecutor.

► In 1955 San Antonio Cabinetmaker Alvaro Aleorta was sentenced to death for the murder of his wife. At the trial, Aleorta vainly claimed that he had come upon his wife and one Natividad Castilleja kissing in a car; Aleorta admitted that he then stabbed his wife to death in a fit of passion, a crime punish-



Contentions totally belied by the record.

stand trial again." And he added: "Here's a man who's been in the shadow of death for ten years. I don't know but what the punishment that he has suffered has been worse than death itself. Based upon the record as I heard the evidence, it would be impossible ever to convict the defendant."

Miller's father, sitting in the courtroom, wept. Then he and his wife drove to Stateville Penitentiary. After ten years, during which he had faced execution ten separate times, their son, now 40, walked through the gates pulling a handcart piled with his possessions.

Blood-Stained Pants. Miller's ordeal began two days after the brutal crime incensed Canton on a Saturday afternoon in November 1955. Because he had left town Saturday night in one of his boss's cars, the police suspected Miller and prodded his confused girl friend, Waitress Betty Baldwin, to sign a statement implicating him. After he

stood and his girl friend's testimony, Ramsey won the case hands down.

For seven years, the case bounced through nine appeals in state and federal courts. The strain was so great on Miller, who could only sit and wait on death row, that he was twice transferred to the psychiatric ward. Seven and a half hours before he was scheduled to be electrocuted in 1963, Miller won a stay for a federal habeas corpus hearing before Judge Perry, who heard testimony that raised troubling questions about the evidence in the 1956 trial.

For one thing, Betty Baldwin now spoke up and recanted her 1956 story. Then there was Miller's laddishy: in 1956 she had refused to aid his lawyers after the prosecution told her that she had a constitutional right to silence. Now she testified that Miller had been asleep in his room at the time of the crime. As for the pubic hair, it was not Miller's—and Ramsey did not offer it as evidence at the original trial. For the

able in Texas by no more than five years in prison. For the prosecution, Castilleja blandly testified that he had only a platonic relationship with Mrs. Alcorta. In 1957, after Alcorta had faced execution eleven times, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction on the ground that Castilleja had actually been Mrs. Alcorta's "lover and paramour"—a vital fact of which Prosecutor Hubert W. Green Jr. was fully aware. In 1958 Green was named Texas' Outstanding Prosecutor.

There is a federal criminal law (Section 242, Title 18, U.S. Code) that carries a one-year sentence for public officials who willfully deny a person's constitutional rights. But no one has ever invoked it against prosecutors. There is a federal civil law (Section 1983, Title 42) that permits money damages for the same injury. Yet as elected officials and court officers, prosecutors are presumably immune to such civil suits. Not in living memory has any American prosecutor ever been punished in any way for falsifying or misrepresenting evidence.

THE SUPREME COURT

Vital Informers

For every Supreme Court action aimed at guaranteeing the rights of the accused, there is a reaction that the court is hindering the police. Last week the court issued a ruling that helped instead of hindered law enforcement.

At issue was the secret informer, whose tips often supply police with their sole "probable cause" for arrest. As long as police have such cause for arrest, they can search a suspect for the evidence that may convict him. But two Chicago policemen were sharply challenged in court in 1964 after they arrested one George McCray on a Chicago street corner, searched him and found heroin. At a pretrial hearing the cops testified that they had been tipped off by a reliable informer, whom they refused to identify. McCray's lawyers demanded the informer's name; if he did not exist, there was no "probable cause" and the heroin evidence could be barred. The judge ruled against disclosure, and McCray eventually got a two-year sentence.

By a vote of 5 to 4, the Supreme Court last week upheld the conviction. When police claim that they have used a reliable informer, said Justice Potter Stewart, the Fourth Amendment does not require state judges to "assume the arresting officers are committing perjury." Justice William O. Douglas spoke for the dissenters, arguing that if the police need not identify informers, they become the "arbiters of probable cause." But the majority pointed out that a defendant is entitled to an informer's identity at the later trial if he needs it in order to rebut the charges. Besides, the anonymity of informers is too important to surrender. "The informer," ruled the court, "is a vital part of society's defensive arsenal."

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MUSIC



SCENE FROM DIE WALKÜRE AT SALZBURG
Ring for the little finger.

OPERA

Carry On, Karajan

"I cannot attain a really deep expression of a work," says European Conductor Herbert von Karajan, 58, "when someone stages it who does not see with my eyes, hear with my ears, and have my own heart." Which leaves only one man who can meet Karajan's standards for a director of any opera that he conducts: Karajan himself. And so, for the production of Wagner's *Die Walküre* last week at Salzburg's new Easter Festival, Karajan had no trouble getting both assignments. After all, the creator, financial wizard and guiding spirit of the entire festival was Karajan.

The sellout opening-night crowd of 2,000 agreed that Karajan's confidence in Karajan was justified. Director Karajan swept away the clumping athletics and far-out allegories of most recent *Walküre*. If what was left was often static staging, it was well coordinated with the music, which Conductor Karajan molded superbly. He toned down the singers' usual tendency to bellow and brought out a fresh quality of refinement through subtly shaded dynamics and sensitively modeled phrases. "Chamber music of the soul," rhapsodized one critic, while others looked ahead to the addition of *Das Rheingold* next year, *Siegfried* in 1969 and *Götterdämmerung* in 1970.

Not a Groschen. The festival is the fruition of a decades-old urge of Karajan's to present Wagner's great cycle with absolute control over all the elements—a *Ring* that he could wrap around his little finger. His home town of Salzburg was the obvious setting, with its magnificent *Festspielhaus*. But Karajan was unwilling to ask the Austrian government for a single groschen of the customary state financial support; his official relations have been strained

since 1964, when he quit as director of the Vienna State Opera because of "bureaucratic interference."

Instead, Karajan, who knows his way around a balance sheet as well as a musical score, plugged his festival into the free-spending electronic media. He recorded and released his version of *Walküre* before the festival performance, brought in a TV production firm—in which he is a major stockholder—to film the festival for worldwide distribution, and lined up more than 20 radio networks. These tie-ins enabled him to sign such top singers as Jon Vickers and Régine Crespin, and he even persuaded the Berlin senate to let the city's famed Philharmonic make its first appearance in an opera pit.

Like any canny producer, Karajan will also take his success on the road. Next fall, the festival production of *Walküre*, with Karajan on the podium, will play before American audiences at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera.

Ripples Instead of Waves

The daughter loves the father, hates mother. The mother loves another man, hates the father and daughter. The son loves the mother and the daughter. The mother kills the father. The son kills the mother's lover. The mother commits suicide. The son commits suicide.

This cozy little Aeschylean tangle was just the sort of raw meat that Eugene O'Neill liked to chew on; so he fashioned the plot into his monumental 1931 trilogy *Mourning Becomes Electra*, set in New England at the end of the Civil War. Now the chiller has come alive again with the premiere of Marvin David Levy's *Mourning Becomes Electra* at the Metropolitan Opera. It was a cause for rejoicing—and mourning.

Librettist Henry Butler stripped O'Neill's six-hour epic to focus exclusively on the psychological currents that

seethe beneath the surface of each of the main characters. Boris Aronson's ghoulish sets created decadence and onrushing doom. As drama, the opera unfolded with all the shivering tension of one long, gradually building shriek, thanks in part to the almost balletic direction of Director Michael Cacoyannis (*Zorba the Greek*). But what made *Mourning* move was the inspired acting of two darkly beautiful sopranos—Marie Collier as the lustful mother, and Evelyn Lear as the revengeful daughter.

Clever Chatter. With Collier cast as the mother, Composer Levy had to alter the role from mezzo to soprano; he also changed the role of her son from tenor to baritone. That was regrettable. Though John Reardon as the son and Sherill Milnes as the lover both performed superbly, the pairing of two baritones and two sopranos robed the vocal writing of contrast. More damaging was the fact that Levy's mildly modern score, conducted by Zubin Mehta, did not meet the challenge of the theme, too often resorted to clever percussive chattering that seemed to say "crisis coming!" Melodies meandered, the curiously opaque orchestration lagged meekly behind instead of leaping forward. Save for some rich vocal writing in a second-act quartet and the dissonant clashings above distant martial music in the home-from-the-war scene, the music made ripples where there should have been climactic waves.

Levy, 34, the son of a Passaic, N.J., candy-store owner, seems to be a composer in search of a style: the opera, his first full-length effort, has some swatches of straight classical writing, some Webern, some Stravinsky, some Britten. As a result, the operatic version of *Mourning* emerges as a compelling drama with polished incidental music. Last week, after two *Mourning* performances, Levy was busy cutting the three-hour opera by about 20 minutes. It will take more than emergency surgery and fine stagecraft to save a score that was dead to begin with.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

How Cool Is Too Cool?

"Do you see any indicators that are going up today?" asked Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams last week of William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. As it happened, Martin was stuck for an answer. Whereupon Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl Curtis sniped: "Yes, the deficit."

What was significant about that exchange was that Bill Martin, testifying before the Senate Finance Committee in support of restoring the 7% tax credit on new plant and equipment, seemed worried about the possibility that the U.S. economy has perhaps cooled off too much. "There has been a slowing down," he admitted, "although I see no recession in the slowdown."

Incredulity. Even as Martin was talking to the Senators, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler was insisting to the House Ways and Means Committee that the Administration had not proposed restoration of the investment credit "because of any concern about the general economy." His statement met with some incredulity. Snapped Oregon's Democratic Representative Al Ullman: "I don't think there is anyone in this room that really believes that." His observation gained substance from the news that last month personal income all but ceased its longtime rise and private payrolls declined for the first time in two years.

Even as the Administration was feeling the discomfort of an economic credibility gap on Capitol Hill, it received some good news from the private sector. On Wednesday, New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. reduced the prime interest rate that it charges its best business customers from 5.5% to 5.3%. Coming almost two months to the day since the Chase Manhattan set off a controversy by cutting its prime rate to the same level, Morgan's action is expected to be followed by most of the country's commercial banks. Their action, it is hoped, will accelerate the drop in home-mortgage interest rates and give homebuilding a boost. In another development that should have much the same effect, California's Bank of America, the nation's largest, announced an across the board reduction of interest charges on home-mortgage loans.

A Little Shove. The high mortgage rates of savings and loan associations have continued to nag the Administration. As Home Loan Bank Board Chairman John Horne testified recently, the Government may give the associations and banks a little shove unless the rates drop to a lower level.

Last week Governor Andrew Brimmer, the Fed's leading speechmaker,

addressed a Los Angeles Town Hall audience on the S & L problem. Using strong language, Brimmer put part of the blame for last year's S & L doldrums on the industry's inflexible rate structure and, in some cases, on poor management. One solution, said Brimmer, who was speaking strictly for himself, is to let S & Ls swing more freely with monetary supply and demand. He also suggested that S & Ls should be given a broader lending role. "The 1966 experience," said Brimmer, "stands as a haunting reminder that S & Ls do not have the capability to compete freely for savings with commercial banks and market instruments when interest rates rise sharply."

and Pentagon orders have swollen annual sales beyond \$2 billion for the past three years, in 1965 the company lost its No. 1 spot to rival Boeing, which also happened to be fat with commercial orders. If and when the supersonic-transport program gets under way, North American will assemble wing sections for the prime contractor (Boeing again), but so far its only sizable commercial airframe business is building Sabreliner corporate jets.

As yet, there is no plumb in sight to replace North American's rich NASA contract for Apollo Moon Project hardware, worth \$676 million in fiscal 1966 alone. To cushion a potential slide in Government business, which could push total sales down as much as 15% this year, Atwood began making plans to expand "into the commercial and industrial sector." At one point, he made a strong but unsuccessful bid for Douglas Aircraft Co.

In Pittsburgh, at the same time, Rockwell had been planning to get into space-age technology, breezily predicting that Rockwell-Standard would soon be "a \$1 billion corporation." Axles, springs and other vehicle parts still account for 65% of Rockwell-Standard's \$636 million sales, though Founder and Chairman Willard Sr., 79, got a diversification drive off the ground in 1958, when he bought what is now the company's plane-making Aero Commander division. When Willard Jr. read of North American's plans in the press last September, he invited Atwood to Pittsburgh for talks, met him again a few weeks later on a TIME-sponsored tour through Eastern Europe with other businessmen. Many of the merger details were worked out during a limousine ride through Romania.

Not in 20 Years. Atwood was moving ahead with the Rockwell-Standard deal as his bid for Douglas was pre-empted by McDonnell (see cover story). But if Rockwell was second choice, it is hardly second best. While its sales, which have nearly doubled since 1963, are less than a third the size of North American's, last year Rockwell earned almost as much (\$41.5 million) as its new partner (\$48.6 million). Rockwell Jr. is delighted to have North American's electronics and space savvy. "You could acquire companies for 20 years," he says, "without approaching this combination."

As far as management goes, the combination will involve no noticeable changes. Atwood will remain at his El Segundo, Calif., headquarters as president and chief executive officer of North American Rockwell. The Rockwells, Sr. and Jr., will be based in Pittsburgh as chairman and vice chairman. And, what with North American's \$1.2 million Sabreliners and Rockwell's \$575,000 Jet Commanders, distance should be no problem.



MERGERS Into New Territory

Anxious to hedge against future uncertainties, U.S. aerospace companies have lately been moving to diverse and often unfamiliar fields. Last week huge North American Aviation Inc. not only staked out some particularly down-earth territory but got ready to pick up a new name as well.

President and Chairman J. Leland Atwood, 62, of North American, and Willard F. Rockwell Jr., 53, president of Pittsburgh's automotive-parts-making Rockwell-Standard Corp., announced plans to merge into a new corporation to be known as North American Rockwell Corp. With sales of some \$2.6 billion a year, the combine will rank among the top 15 U.S. corporations.

No Plums in Sight. For some time, North American has been fretting about its dependence on Government contracts, which now account for more than 95% of its business. Though space

AEROSPACE

Mr. Mac & His Team (See Cover)

"This is Mac calling all the team." The voice crackles with authority as loudspeakers carry it to every corner of the sprawling aerospace plant on the rim of St. Louis' Lambert Field. It sparkles with an enthusiasm that rises above the inescapable racket of jet aviation—the rumble of commercial planes lifting off the long runways, the ear-shattering passage of military fighters climbing aloft on steep, improbable curves.

When Mac calls, the team listens, and the noisiest diversion dwindles into the background. For the voice belongs to James Smith McDonnell, 67, whose paternal pep talks are the hallmark of a remarkably successful modern businessman. "Our work," he is fond of saying, "is part of a great team effort. I congratulate all of you who have worked so long and hard." Invariably, he closes: "This is old Mac signing off."

In the past 27 years, "Mr. Mac," as he is known to his 46,000 teammates, has built and babied his McDonnell Co. from nothing into a \$1 billion-a-year corporation. With his performance in the manufacture of Mercury and Gemini space capsules, he gave U.S. astronauts an essential boost into space. His jet planes were among the few ready to carry U.S. airmen into combat in Korea; for Viet Nam he has produced the F-4 Phantom, the hottest fighter yet flown in combat by any air force in the world. By his dedication to technical precision, he has turned his company into a sudden and surprising front runner in one of the most complex and competitive of modern industries. Yet, as its chairman and chief executive, he remains a shy and paradoxical figure, leary of publicity even as he competes for profits. Half introvert and half visionary, McDonnell sometimes seems a crusty, single-minded engineer who exists only for his work. But he is also a mystic missionary bringing word from another world, and all his fighter planes—Phantom, Demon, Banshee, Voodoo—bear names that testify to his long fascination with the abode of spirits.

Like a *Barony*, Mr. Mac is a man of continuing contradictions. From the start of his highly organized career he has concentrated his genius for aerospace production on a comparatively few products. But next month, by merging his company with Douglas Aircraft, he will become boss of one of the nation's most impressively diversified aerospace manufacturers. In an era of bland corporate management, he insists on ruling his 20th century aeronautical beehive like a 19th century industrial barony. His warm paternalism is flavored with benevolent despotism: he customarily sends a pair of baby shoes when an employee becomes a parent but frowns on an employee leaving the plant for lunch.

A wiry, tight-lipped overseer with

sparse grey hair and rimless trifocals, McDonnell scoffs at the "one-man myth" about his company. But if his employees are "teammates," he is the coach, and he calls every important play. He is in the middle of every scrimmage. McDonnell refers to himself as "practicing Scotsman," and in small ways he certainly is. He has been known to spend five hours going over the cost of Xerox copies of company documents. To inhibit gabby long-distance telephone calls, he gave his aides three-minute egg timers. Yet Missouri's largest employer spends lavishly where it counts: on new technology. Since the company's birth, McDonnell has poured 83% of its profits into research and expansion. For his reward, he has earned

little traditional aerospace work to keep their huge organizations busy, the major companies are scrambling to put their expertise to work in other fields. To hear aerospace men tell it, this computer-based talent for analyzing and solving intricate problems gives the nation its best hope for coping with everything from urban sprawl to water purification to figuring out how a diocese should deploy its priests. Aerojet-General, principally a rocket-engine maker, has contracted to build two automated post offices, and has begun planning new methods of solid waste disposal for Fresno (Calif.) County. Lockheed, though still the top Pentagon contractor, with \$1.5 billion worth of 1966 plane and missile orders, is bat-



MCDONNELL AT HIS DESK IN ST. LOUIS

Compromising on something pretty much out of this world.

the steepest profit rise of any major company in a roller-coaster business where losses come easily and disaster often. McDonnell's net income has climbed every year since 1951; last fiscal year it reached \$43.2 million, 35% above the year before. So far this year profits have jumped by another 30%. A mere \$2,000 invested in McDonnell when the company faced the future without a single contract would be worth \$730,000 today.

Profit Squeeze. McDonnell is an unmistakable phenomenon in a fast-changing industry that is suffering a good deal of anxiety about its future. The U.S. guns-and-butter economy lifted aerospace sales by 15% last year to a record \$23.8 billion. But Viet Nam-caused labor shortages and material bottlenecks boosted costs enough to squeeze profit margins down to 3% of sales compared with 5.6% for all U.S. manufacturers.

Fearful that there may soon be too

ing General Dynamics and Litton Industries for a Navy ship contract—to the dismay of the nation's proudly inefficient conventional shipbuilders. Cleveland's TRW (now Thompson Ramo Wooldridge) is designing a hospital operations system for Edmonton, Canada, studying ways to improve high-speed ground transportation for the Federal Government, devising a system by which California cities can cope more effectively with their growing pains.

Merger Appetite. With all that diversification the industry's sales of non-aerospace items last year grew 25% to \$2.45 billion. Moreover, such business increased at a faster rate than industry revenues from civilian aircraft despite a rash of airline orders for jet transports. Thus it is no surprise that aerospace companies are more anxious than ever to tap lucrative new fields and reduce their worrisome dependence on Government contracts.

Lately, they have developed a con-

spurious appetite for other corporations. Northrop moved into radio manufacturing last year by acquiring the Hallicrafters Co. Lear Siegler broadened itself from aviation instruments and electronics to auto parts and furniture springs by merging with American Metal Products. Detroit-based Bendix Corp., which produces everything from auto radios to complex weapons systems, has a marriage pending with Fram Corp., which makes oil and air-conditioning filters. Dallas' Ling-Temco-Vought has just corralled Chicago's Wilson & Co., a major meat packer and sporting-goods producer. And last week there was North American's merger

Donnell from sixth in sales among U.S. aerospace companies to No. 2, behind Boeing. For Mr. Mac, reaching that pinnacle has required both luck and a lifetime of relentless effort.

The Decision. Youngest son of a well-to-do cotton farmer and retail merchant, McDonnell grew up in Little Rock. He was always "rather shy, serious and withdrawn," says his older brother William, former chairman of the First National Bank in St. Louis and still, at 72, finance committee chairman of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway. But the young teenager was not too withdrawn to get out of bed at 4 a.m., saddle up his horse and deliver

In a Chicago public library—where he spent his spare time while on a summer job inspecting telephone switchboards—McDonnell chanced upon an obscure book about psychic emanations: *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, by English Essayist Frederic W. H. Myers. It turned his interest abidingly toward the occult. "I was fascinated with the idea that this realm of the mind and soul and survival after bodily death ought to be susceptible to investigation through a scientific approach," says McDonnell. Rebuffed by one of his Princeton professors when he asked for help in such an inquiry, the eager student attended every séance he could find; he seriously suggested that his father give him an advance on his inheritance so that he could do research with Myers' Society for Psychical Research in Britain. Daddy demurred. "We compromised on aeronautical engineering," says McDonnell. "At that time, it was pretty much out of this world too."

Hallelujahs Aloft. Having made his decision, McDonnell approached the future the way he approaches a business decision: detached, deliberate, precise. He had already worked out a 50-year plan for his career. Now he jugged the details to fit aviation, deciding among other things "to intern until age 40 before making a serious attempt to set up my own company." Says McDonnell today: "The plan went just about the way it's happened." He earned a master's degree in aeronautical engineering from M.I.T. ('25), enlisted in the Army Reserve to learn to fly. He remembers "singing hallelujahs as I did my first aerobatics in 1923, all alone, without the drama instructor in the rear cockpit." He also recalls "something like psychic ecstasy during my first parachute jump. The ecstasy ended when I landed in weeds and gravel and the open chute pulled me through them."

At first airplane makers were less than impressed with the intense young engineer-pilot; they even refused his offer to work for nothing. In time he caught on as a \$108-a-month draftsman at Huff Daland Airplane Co. of Ogdensburg, N.Y. Later he became a stress analyst at Buffalo's Consolidated Aircraft but was soon politely asked to look for employment elsewhere. He was fired outright by Ford Motor Co.'s aviation division.

The Doodlebug. That was the nadir of his career. With nowhere to look but up, McDonnell took aim on a \$100,000 prize: the 1929 Guggenheim Safe Aircraft Award, for which he and two associates built a plane they called "the Doodlebug." It was an open-cockpit monoplane that McDonnell hoped to peddle as "the aerial flivver of the future." It came close to consigning him to the past.

In order to meet the contest deadline, McDonnell taped two flashlights to the wings and flew part of the way from Milwaukee to Long Island's Mitchell



McDONNELL PILOTING THE DOODLEBUG (1929)
Too much of a Scotsman to use the parachute.

agreement with Pittsburgh's Rockwell-Standard Corp.

McDonnell's forthcoming merger with money-losing Douglas Aircraft Co.—effective April 28, provided that stockholders of both firms agree at mid-April meetings—will keep both companies largely in aerospace. But it will give the resulting McDonnell Douglas Corp. as firm a foothold as any in the industry. The two companies fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Where McDonnell has gaps, Douglas counts its main strength: in civil aircraft, in military rockets, and in man-in-space work for the years just ahead. Civilian DC-8 and DC-9 transports account for 79% of Douglas' \$3.2 billion order backlog. Where Douglas is weak, McDonnell is strong: in seasoned second-level management and in orders for the highly profitable F-4 Phantom, which accounts for 84% of the company's revenue.

By joining forces, both companies will bolster their ability to compete at a time when orders—notably from the government—are growing bigger but fewer, and margins for error are shrinking fast. The merger will also lift Mc-

agreement with Pittsburgh's Rockwell-Standard Corp.

At Princeton ('21), McDonnell hefted trays in the dining hall for pocket money, studied physics so doggedly that he had little time for campus social life. Still, the first time he got a chance to buy a ride in a rickety old biplane, McDonnell impulsively blew \$25 on an aerial tour of the campus—and went without a new winter overcoat. Recalls Freshman Roommate Edward L. Barber of Joplin, Mo.: "He didn't mingle and mix with people. He always was a one-idea man. One time he spent a whole week in his room deciding that he believed that there really was a God."

As a loner, Mac developed a talent for unsparing self-analysis. For a while he dreamed of a political career. "I thought I would like to spend my life trying to bring about the things that Woodrow Wilson stood for," he says, "but my Scotch daddy set me straight. He said, 'You're too shy. Your brother Bill could do it, but you couldn't.' I thought about that for a while and decided he was right."

Field by night. Next morning he took the Doodlebug up to show officials its structural integrity. During a shallow dive at 1,500 ft., the horizontal tail folded and the Doodlebug began some unplanned aerobatics. Common sense dictated that it was time to bail out, and McDonnell had one leg out of the cockpit when a semblance of control returned. After that, he says, "I was too much of a practicing Scotsman to use the parachute." Somehow he wrestled the plane to a crash landing—as a result of which, surgeons removed the third lumbar disk in his spine.

Undaunted, McDonnell kept doodling with airplane designs. He went to work for the Glenn L. Martin Co., where he rose to be chief project engineer for land planes. But he still wanted his own company, and in 1939, with \$165,000 put together from his own savings plus investments cajoled from family and friends (including fellow Princetonian Laurance Rockefeller, who put in \$10,000), he started McDonnell Aircraft in a \$100-a-month second-story room at Lambert Field. Despite the company's vast expansion, McDonnell's headquarters have moved only a few hundred yards from that original site.

McDonnell had just turned 40 when he moved to St. Louis. He was still sticking to his timetable—barely. He had his own outfit, but it boasted only two employees: himself and a male secretary. Thrifly, Mr. Mac rented part of his space to a group of Navy flyers, squeezed his own desks and drafting tables into a corner behind the flyers' canvas cots, mosquito netting and dirty underwear.

"At the end of the first year," he says, "our backlog was zero, sales zero, earnings zero. All we had for our work was a \$3,000 design award for an Air Corps fighter plane." The first production order was for \$7,672 worth of parts for Stinson observation planes. During World War II, McDonnell kept busy producing such garden variety items as ammunition boxes, gun-turret parts, engine cowlings, and tail assemblies for Douglas' famed DC-3.

"Will Do." Then, in 1943, came McDonnell's big chance: a Navy contract to develop the world's first carrier-based jet aircraft. It was a lucky break, to be sure, but as Mr. Mac likes to point out, "it didn't come by chance." As early as 1939, just after he had set up shop, McDonnell began badgering the Air Corps to commission his company to do research in the advanced field of jet propulsion. He finally got a contract. "It was just a tiny one, only \$20,000," he says, "and of course we didn't make a nickel on it. But the boys did a good job, and we learned a lot." When the Air Corps let the contract expire, McDonnell tried to interest the Navy. At first he was unsuccessful; then, a couple of years later, someone in the Navy Department remembered the little St. Louis firm that had been shrewd enough

to see a future in turbojet propulsion. "It was on New Year's Eve," says McDonnell. "I was sitting in my office, and it was well into the evening when I got this call from a rear admiral in the Bureau of Aeronautics. I remember being favorably impressed that the Navy was working that late in Washington. The admiral said, 'If you'll be here tomorrow about 8 a.m., we can tell you about a classified item I think you'll be interested in.' I said 'Will do,' and headed there overnight. When they told me what it was all about, I said 'Will do' and then I came back and we went to work."

The result was the 500-m.p.h. twin-

Boeing's World War II B-17. Wrote Captain William A. Mackey, a Navy test pilot assigned to re-evaluate the plane: "The Phantom II is the first airplane that I have ever had the pleasure of flying which is always capable of performing as well as if not better than the contractor advertises in his sales brochures. . . . It is a truly perfect tool."

To date, some 2,300 Phantom IIs have rolled off the St. Louis assembly lines, and the Government has another \$1 billion worth on order. The company expects to keep producing them until the mid-1970s partly because volume has cut the price from an original \$2,200,000 to \$1,700,000. Besides, Mc-



PHANTOM II TAKING OFF FROM LAMBERT FIELD
This goose can climb faster than a spacecraft.

jet Phantom I, and it performed so successfully that a few years later the Navy ordered 895 of its bigger, faster sister, the Banshee, which fought splendidly in Korea. Today's phenomenal McDonnell F-4 Phantom II, the rugged all-purpose workhorse of the Viet Nam air war, beloved alike by the Air Force, Navy and Marines, is a direct descendant of the original Phantom. "Its excellence is no fluke—just the end of evolution," says Mr. Mac. With its arched nose and down-pointing stabilizer separated by a bulky midriff, the F-4 looks as awkward as a goose with drooping tail feathers and middle-aged spread. But it can zoom from a dead stop on a runway to 40,000 ft., faster than astronauts in a spacecraft can reach that altitude from ignition on a launch pad. It can climb higher than 100,000 ft., fly at more than twice the speed of sound, yet slow down to 150 knots to land on carriers or short jungle airstrips.

Phantom IIs bagged seven MiG-21s over Viet Nam one day last January; of the 37 MiGs shot down so far, the Phantom is responsible for 26. As a bomber, it carries twice the payload of

Donnell is already designing newer versions, which may give the Phantom a further lease on life.

Hearts & Goofs. When it came to space work, McDonnell showed as much foresight as he did with jets. Correctly anticipating what was to come, Mr. Mac put 45 engineers to work on capsules months before the U.S.S.R.'s Sputnik started Washington on its race for the moon. With that much preparation, McDonnell easily won the competition to build the Mercury capsule. Then well-publicized goofs marred the early phases of the program: it was almost more than Perfectionist Mac could bear when NASA cameras detected a loose nut and a crumpled cigarette package during a zero-gravity test of an early capsule. The problems were overcome so completely that Astronaut John Glenn, America's first man in orbit, popped from his *Friendship 7* Mercury capsule and sent his regards to the manufacturer as "a very satisfied customer." Later, at the plant, Glenn told the teammates: "Your hearts were in this."

NASA was so impressed that it hired McDonnell to build the Gemini capsule without even asking for competitive de-

signs. So flawless was Gemini's performance that it completed nine of the ten manned missions precisely as planned and McDonnell collected a \$25 million bonus. "McDonnell's engineers always seemed to be on top of the problem," says NASA Flight Director Chris Kraft. As often as not, Mr. Mac himself would turn up at Cape Kennedy for a 3 a.m. breakfast with departing astronaut crews. To help him recall who was who, he invariably carried a small black notebook crammed with the names of wives, children—and even their dogs. "Mr. Mac is an anachronism," says NASA's Paul Haney. "There's a measured cadence in working with him that's refreshing—the same aura that was Henry Ford's."

Cheaper than Sprouts. Work for McDonnell begins right after 7:30 a.m. calisthenics when, over breakfast in his distinctly unpretentious colonial house in the St. Louis suburb of Ladue, he reads papers and reaches decisions. At the plant, amid the wail of Phantoms taking off to fly directly to Viet Nam (with the help of in-flight refueling and an Okinawa stop), he operates out of a spacious but spartan corner office, with a scuffed carpet and hand-me-down, imitation-leather chairs.

The frugal mark of the proprietor runs deep at McDonnell's 408-acre, 30-building headquarters and plant. There are no frills amid the tangle of boxlike briek offices, glass-clad research laboratories and steel-walled hangars. Scientists experiment with laser beams and gamma rays in basement rooms so jammed with costly equipment that it is difficult to walk about. Executives often labor in windowless cubbyholes. But there are no audible complaints. McDonnell spends weeks and months sifting out able men, screens them with such painstaking care that he is rarely



FIRST HEADQUARTERS
Carrots on the slide rule.

forced to fire anybody. Though he delves into everything from the wording of a minor press release to the price of three-ring notebooks, he has the good sense to refrain from looking constantly over his engineers' shoulders.

At every level, though, his demands on his team leaders are exacting. Though he has eased up a bit, for years McDonnell had a habit of telephoning department heads at 2 or 3 a.m. for hour-long talks. His knack for asking the one question that an aide cannot answer is legendary. Characteristically, he summons assistants to meetings at such precise times as 10:22 or 3:53, then keeps them waiting while he wrestles on and on with the previous problem.

Before a company dinner for an important visitor, Mr. Mac will often take three or four hours with a pair of vice presidents, deciding whether to serve steak at \$5.25 a person or rib roast at \$4.75. Then there is the matter of vegetables. Will asparagus be cheaper than

brussels sprouts, or will carrots be cheaper still? When it comes to making such decisions, McDonnell's favorite tool is his slide rule. For a Christmas party, he once figured out that twelve ounces of eggnog per person was precisely the right amount to assure conviviality without too much hilarity—and ordered the whisky accordingly. The vice president who asks for a third drink on the company airplane (a JetStar made by rival Lockheed) is quietly reported to Mr. Mac himself.

Despite such strains, loyalty runs strong. McDonnell's top 17 executives have worked there for an average of 231 years. "It's a hell of a crucible," says one ex-McDonnell officer. "But it works. Mr. Mac operates on the theory that if you take care of the little things, the big things will take care of themselves. A man tends to think, 'My God, if we spend all that time on the budget for a lousy little dinner, what's he going to do to me when I come up here with the presentation for some \$2,000,000 proposal?' So he goes back and goes over that proposal until he has justified every penny."

By common consent, no one toils harder for the McDonnell team than Mr. Mac himself. Aside from an occasional round of golf (he is lucky to break 100), his relaxation consists of a nap after lunch and two drinks before a late dinner with his second wife, the former Mrs. Priscilla Brush Forney. After the Jell-O and Sanku, Mr. Mac retreats to his den to dip into his briefcase until midnight. McDonnell's sons, J. S. III, 31, and John Finney, 29, both hold mid-bracket executive jobs in McDonnell's space center. They are the children of his first wife, who died in 1949.

For Psychic Rewards. Mr. Mac draws a salary of \$98,970 a year, and his personal 13% stockholding in his



MCDONNELL'S ST. LOUIS PLANT & ORIGINAL OFFICE (RED CIRCLE)
A hell of a crucible—but it works.

company worth \$90 million) earned him another \$730,000 in dividends last year. But he is not impressed by the figures, only by what they reflect of the success of his lifelong plan. Says he: "I don't work for money any more, just for the psychic rewards."

With the fortune he has made from weapons of war, McDonnell has long contributed to research on ways and means of keeping the peace. In 1950, he gave the McDonnell Foundation \$500,000 for just that purpose. A fervent backer of the United Nations, he not only observes the U.N.'s Oct. 24 birthday as a plant holiday but also buys full-page newspaper ads to plug his belief that all Americans should "give their time, talents and wealth in striving toward U.N. goals." At the same time, he remains convinced that the U.S. "will be criminally negligent if we wage peace except from a foundation of great strength." Accordingly, the April 4 anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is also a company holiday. McDonnell has also donated some \$5,200,000 to Washington University in St. Louis. From 1964 until the pressure of Viet Nam production last year impelled him to resign, he headed the university's board of trustees.

"Doodledbugged Again." Though McDonnell's engineers are already looking beyond the moon to Mars and Venus, Mr. Mac is also betting part of his bankroll on earthbound expansion—notably the development of vertical- and short-takeoff-and-landing craft for intercity air travel. "It's bound to come," he insists. By his calculations, as early as 1975 V-STOL planes could grab half the commercial travel over such short hops as San Francisco to Los Angeles.

McDonnell has also devised a 27-lb. antitank missile that a single foot soldier can tote and launch, is confident enough of a big Army order that he has bought a 247-acre site in Florida for a factory. In another diversification, the company has created thriving automation centers in Houston, Denver, St. Louis and Columbia, Mo. Operating \$40 million worth of computers, the centers keep records for 22 St. Louis banks, handle warehousing and order control for a shoe manufacturer, compute tax bills for Colorado counties, help devise game strategy for the Denver Broncos' professional football team.

In his quest for diversification, Mr. Mac has been trying for years to break into the ranks of civilian-airplane manufacturers. And he has been repeatedly frustrated. In the late 1950s, he sank \$15 million into a four-engine turbojet transport intended to be a corporate plane or Air Force trainer. Nobody would buy it. "That was the time," says McDonnell ruefully, "that old Mac got doodlebugged again."

The Downdraft. But he was not about to give up. It was almost inevitable that Mr. Mac should go all out to buy Douglas when he got a chance. He

made a first overture in 1963 after picking up an estimated 200,000 shares of the California company's stock. Douglas rejected his advances, and McDonnell later sold his holdings at a handsome profit.

Even then, Douglas was in a down-draft. Part of the trouble was that strong-willed Donald Wills Douglas Sr., now 74, had waited too long to move into commercial jet transports: the DC-8 lagged a year behind Boeing's profit-laden 707—and Douglas has yet to break even on the venture. After Donald Jr., now 49, took over the presidency, the company grossly underestimated both the demand and costs for its 90-plus passenger, twin-jet DC-9. Labor and parts shortages snarled production lines, and as a result Douglas

thinks he would have put so much money into a company so loaded with debt unless he felt confident of the outcome. And as if to bolster that confidence, he plans to install a new chief executive at Douglas: the handsome heir apparent from McDonnell, President (since 1962) David S. Lewis, 49.

Aerospace's newest mammoth, McDonnell insists, could well prove to be a synergistic compound—a union in which one and one add up to more than two. McDonnell, for example, is building an "airlock" which astronauts hope to couple to a spent-but-orbiting Douglas-built Saturn rocket stage: spacemen would live aloft for a year in the airlock's safe, two-gas atmosphere. Now that Douglas and McDonnell can plan and build that equipment together,

A. T. DODEN/LIFE



GEMINI V CAPSULE LEAVING McDONNELL PLANT FOR CAPE KENNEDY
On a frontier good for millions of years.

lost at least \$600,000 on each DC-9 it delivered last year, ended 1966 some \$27 million in the red. That process nearly exhausted the patience of the eight banks that were providing it with operating funds. They cut off Douglas' \$100 million credit lifeline just as the company realized it would need \$300 million more to squeeze through 1967.

By late November, the Douglas board of directors knew that only a merger would save the firm. At Douglas' request, Stanley Osborne, a partner in the Wall Street investment banking house of Lazar Frères, began shopping for bids. Well-heeled McDonnell Co. offered the most cash—an immediate \$69 million for authorized but unissued Douglas stock. It had already snapped up 300,000 shares of Douglas stock at depressed prices, a move that made it Douglas' largest stockholder.

Can McDonnell pull Douglas out of its spin? Nobody who knows Mr. Mac

job should become not only easier but more profitable—and the cross-pollination of ideas between two sets of engineers may lead to new and more advanced projects. "Once our merger goes through," says Mr. Mac proudly, "we'll be big enough to take on any space project that comes along."

But in his own way, McDonnell is far more interested in the industrial conquest of space than he is in money-making weapons systems that are limited to what he considers to be mankind's more or less petty quarrels.

"America is now a space-faring nation," he says proudly. "This is a frontier good for millions of years. The only time remotely comparable was when Columbus discovered a whole new world. The creative conquest of space will serve as a wonderful substitute for war. And the revelations of cosmography should shrink our egos down to size."

WORLD BUSINESS



SIGNING THE TREATY OF ROME IN 1957

If the politicians are laggards, the businessmen are not.

COMMON MARKET

Ten Years Old

In Brussels last week, the European Economic Community celebrated its tenth birthday. Since March 25, 1957, when the Treaty of Rome brought the Common Market into being, many of the Community's aspirations have remained unattained—and perhaps unattainable. Yet the record of accomplishment is impressive.

The combined G.N.P. of the six Common Market nations has grown 52%, to \$253 billion, while trade between them has skyrocketed by 238%, to an estimated \$23 billion this year. Internal tariffs on agricultural goods have dropped more than 60%; on industrial products, they are down 80%. On July 1, 1968, eighteen months ahead of the schedule set forth in the Treaty of Rome, the last tariffs within the EEC will disappear. Also taking effect will be an agricultural program with common farm prices and supports, plus unified levies on imports from outside the Community.

Most of the Market's problems have resulted from politics, not economics. As a result, the 1957 hopes of Jean Monnet and friends for a United States of Europe "speaking with one voice" have been frustrated. In 1965, the French walked out of the Common Market for eight months, ostensibly over agricultural policies but actually because President Charles de Gaulle thought that the Community was inhibiting France's independence. The EEC held its line and France returned, but since then the togetherness spirit of the Market countries has noticeably diminished. Among other things dividing the Six are the delicate questions of Great Britain's admittance—which all members except France strongly endorsed just two weeks ago—and adoption of a common policy for trade with Eastern Europe, which France likes to handle on her own terms.

Still, if political leaders have been lagging, businessmen have not. And

perhaps the Common Market's most notable achievement is a new state of mind in Europe's business community. "The most important success of the Common Market," says Baron Jean-Charles Smoey d'Oppuers, Belgian banker and a signer of the Rome treaty, "has been in changing the attitudes of Europe's businessmen. An immense amount of capital investment has been made on the assumption of the larger market. This is something indestructible, and this huge stake in the success of the Common Market is the guarantee of its solidity."

FRANCE

"I Wasn't Created to Lose Money"

"At the beginning of the century," says Sylvain Floirat, 67, in the rolling accent of France's Périgord region, "when you founded a business, it was supposed to last at least two generations. Nowadays it's only a matter of a few years." Floirat has taken advantage of the change: buying and selling businesses ("Anybody can buy; knowing when to sell is another story"), he now owns 94 companies and a personal fortune of at least \$100 million. And they know him at the bank. "There are only three of us on the Champs Elysées," Floirat says expansively, "who can sign a check at a minute's notice for \$2,000,000. Dassault, the airplane maker, the Rothschilds—and me."

Color & Cars. Floirat lists among his businesses:

► Compagnie Française de Télévision, whose SFACAM color-television system is battling Germany's PAI for eminence in Europe (TIME, Aug. 12), and begins color telecasting this fall in France and the Soviet Union. Compagnie Française also manufactures sets, and Floirat expects to sell 500,000 before 1969, after that 500,000 annually.

► Europe 1, a 1,000-kw. radio station known for news breaks and objective reporting. Easily the most popular commercial station in France, it returned \$3,200,000 in profits last year.

► Bréguet Aircraft, second largest French plane maker after Dassault. Floirat is under Gaullist pressure to sell Bréguet to Dassault, and will soon do so. "If I had enough money," he grumbles, "I'd buy out Dassault."

► Engins Matra, a missile company that recently won the \$25 million, nine-nation ESRO (for European Space Research Organization) contract to build a Continental satellite. Besides its space activities, Matra has organized an auto subsidiary that will race cars at Le Mans this year; is already producing a commercial sports model that drew raves at the last Geneva Auto Show. "We Don't Want to Know," Floirat's holdings also include a record company, a hotel chain and a Parisian magazine called *Lui*, which is patterned after *Playboy*. But no one has yet totaled up the empire's assets. "We don't want to know overall figures," says Floirat's son-in-law and principal aide, Roger Crêange. "They would make us dizzy, and we might want to stop expanding."

Despite his wealth, Floirat lives simply. He and wife Julia maintain a modest Montmartre apartment with a view of Sacré Coeur. Floirat owns a Rolls-Royce, but prefers a Citroën. He summers in the Périgord, where he grows apples and walnuts experimentally to establish new money crops. Floirat has also helped to revive the dying truffle industry. Natives insisted that a virus had wiped out truffles; Floirat proved that they would flourish if the oak groves where they grew were thinned and the soil cultivated. Soon to be honored by the Périgourdins for this achievement, Floirat is unmoved by his new distinction. Says he: "Missiles or truffles, the main thing is to go about it scientifically. I wasn't created to lose money."

JEAN MAROTIS



FLOIRAT & MATRA RACER
Checks for \$2,000,000, and truffles to save.

MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Francis Kennedy, 41, U.S. Senator from New York, and Ethel Skakel Kennedy, 38: a boy, their tenth child (seventh son), thereby putting Bobby one up on Father Joe ("If I had known this was going to be a contest, I would not have stopped at nine," said Rose); in Washington, D.C. The couple's nine other children: Kathleen, 15; Joseph, 14; Robert Jr., 13; David, 11; Courtney, 10; Michael, 8; Kerry, 7; Christopher, 3; and Matthew, 2.

Married. Mia Kim, 25, youngest of the three Korean-born Kim sisters, currently giving an Oriental touch to U.S. song-and-dance on the nightclub circuit; and Tommy Vig, 27, jazz vibraphonist; in a Jewish ceremony in Las Vegas.

Divorced. By Achmed Sukarno, 65, recently ousted President of Indonesia; Haryati Sumantri, 27, one of his four official wives allowed by Islamic law; on grounds of disinterest (as is permitted in Islam, he simply wrote her a note telling her she was out); after four years of marriage, no children; in Djakarta. Simultaneously, Sukarno announced his secret marriage, probably three years ago, to Yurike Sanger, 21, from northern Celebes, whom he met when she was chosen to entertain at a state function.

Died. Walter S. Lemmon, 71, radio engineer, who used royalties from an early invention, the Single Dial Tuning Control (now standard for radio receivers) to set up short-wave radio station WRUI near Boston in 1934, turned it into a forerunner of the Voice of America, countering Nazi propaganda in 24 languages beamed to Europe, Latin America, Asia and Africa; after a long illness; in Old Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Lieut. General Sir Frederick E. Morgan, 73, Eisenhower's deputy chief of staff during World War II's Normandy invasion, who served briefly as administrator of the U.N.'s relief agency, UNRRA, in postwar Germany, but was forced to resign when he outraged his boss, Fiorello La Guardia, by bluntly charging that Soviet spies were using UNRRA as a cover; of a stroke; in Northwest, England.

Died. Edward Martin, 87, former Pennsylvania Governor (1943-47) and two-term U.S. Senator (1947-59), a conservative Republican who believed in lower taxes and pay-as-you-go government, put his ideas into sharp effect at the statehouse by turning a \$71 million deficit into a \$200 million surplus in four years, went on to become the ranking Republican on the Senate Finance Committee and a strong ally of its equally economy-minded chairman, Virginia's Harry Byrd; of a heart attack; in Washington, Pa.

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March 17, 1967

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ART

SCULPTURE

Mansions of Mystery

Crowds of New Yorkers surging past the Whitney Museum's Andrew Wyeth show (TIME, Feb. 24), which has already drawn 170,000 visitors, found themselves in for a delightful surprise when they reached the topmost gallery. There an almost cathedral hush was induced by a full-scale retrospective display of the work of Sculptor Louise Nevelson. Awed spectators moved from darkened room to darkened room, observing Nevelson's monumental spotlighted pillars and walls built of orange crates, dowels, spindles and other bits of wooden briar-ubrane but sprayed either all black, all white or all gold. *American Dawn*, a multi-tormented white creation, looms like a silent convocation of sentinels. *Tropical Rain Forest* hangs from the walls and ceiling of an entirely blackened corridor, inviting the visitor to stroll through the secret splendor.

At 66, Louise Nevelson has at last arrived in the art world. Eighteen museums now own her sculptures. In the decade since collectors first began to be entranced with her mysterious box-sculptures, the price of her work has escalated. Smaller pieces, which sold for \$1,000 each five to ten years ago, now go for up to \$6,000, and several museums have paid more than \$45,000 for her huge wall sculptures. Nevelson herself, a big-hatted, cigar-smoking metaphysic on the order of Edith Sitwell or Isak Dinesen, is pleased but not entirely

surprised by her acclaim. After all, she explains, "acceptance of art has something to do with a developing visual intelligence and sense of scale. People are used to my things now because of large buildings, large cities, etc."

Nor is she planning to rest on her laurels. In the future, she plans to build an entire room in her colossal style, and perhaps eventually—who knows?—a whole mansion. "Now that I'm economically free—my God! There's nothing I can't use," she exclaims. "Plastic, Plexiglas, metal—you'd think I've lived all this time just for these new materials." She has already built several transparent structures with glass and Plexiglas. "Who wants to live in the past?" she asks. "Man must face up to himself. I like to build my own environment."

GRAPHICS

Nameless Evil

Manhattan's Whitney Museum occasionally displays a Dickensian sense of satire. It picked Ladies' Day last week to unveil as its third attraction, as unsettling a set of drawings as any museum has shown in years. The 30 drawings were the handiwork of Iowa's mordant Mauricio Lasansky, 52, Argentine emigre printmaker and head of one of the nation's best-known graphics workshops in Iowa City. His topic: the excesses of brutality displayed in German extermination camps of World War II. The impact of the drawings is so devastating that the Chicago Institute of Art declined to show them altogether, although they have been seen at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and will travel next to the Des Moines Art Center.

Precisely sketched in an ordinary lead pencil on large sheets of heavy paper, colored with dark brown and rust-colored washes, Lasansky's "Nazi Drawings" begin with images of bloated officers clothed in uniforms that could be either surplices or straitjackets, wearing tooth-studded half-helmets that could well be the skulls of their victims. No event is detailed; no face recognizable. Lasansky relies for his effects on the evocation of an essentially nameless evil.

As the series progresses, hairy, obscene women with their skirts pulled down around their knees join in the orgy. Moans flutters around them: gigantic vultures hover about them. Huge, grotesque babies' heads, their mouths distorted with pain, are superimposed on pages torn from the Bible containing wrathful Old Testament passages and stenciled with prison numbers. Naked cadavers dangle; a pregnant woman is crucified head downward.

In the final picture of the series, a Hitler figure is viewed in the act of self-castration. At least, some critics have him as Hitler. Lasansky declines to identify it. His concern, he says, is not primarily with indicting German Nazis; his larger intent is to remind the younger



LASANSKY'S NAZI DRAWINGS
Reminder about the mind.

generation that the human mind and will have a vast and terrifying capacity for brutality. "It could happen again," he believes. "And I don't think the imagination can ever conceive of what it would make him like."

MUSEUMS

Custodian for the Fertile Crescent

"A shelf and a half in a borrowed room" is all that Oxford Archaeologist Max Mallowan remembers the Iraq Museum as being back in 1925. But the surge of Arab nationalism that made Iraq independent after World War I carried with it pride in a past that goes back 90 centuries, and included such mighty capitals as Babylon, Nineveh and Ur. In 1936 laws were passed to safeguard Iraq's antiquities, which for over a century had been filtering out to the world's great museums. And to insure that relics unearthed in the future would be properly housed and displayed, ambitious plans for a museum were drawn up by German Architect Werner March.

Allowing time out for assorted coups, uprisings, and a world war, it has taken the nation more than 30 years to complete the new \$6,000,000 Iraq Museum, which was inaugurated last November by Iraq's President Abd al-Rahman Aref before some 400 notables. But scholars agree that the museum, financed largely by the Gulbenkian Foundation, was worth the wait (see following color pages). Says the University of Pennsyl-



NEVELSON AT THE WHITNEY
Life is larger now.



Baghdad's Iraq Museum

Assembled in new museum are relics of warlike Assyrians. Clay tablet (above) records 672 B.C. treaty with the Medes. Statue of King Shalmaneser III (858-824 B.C.) is inscribed with summary of 20 campaigns (right). Iraqi students examine massive reliefs in sculpture hall (below).





Alabaster mother-goddess statuettes found near Samarra provide evidence that feminine fertility cult flourished in 6000 B.C.



Iraq was conquered by Moslem Arabs in A.D. 637. Arab navigators used embossed astrolabe (above) to voyage by the stars.



Prehistoric Mesopotamian villagers, by 4000 B.C., had also developed polished, engraved and finely painted pottery.



Gold and ivory Assyrian plaque from royal palace depicts a lioness killing a Negro in front of a meadow of lotus and papyrus.

MODERN LIVING

YOUTH

CONSERVATION

A Legacy of Torment

"We must end the reckless pillaging of our land, the spoiling of our streams, and the destruction of our fish and wild life. We must pass this bill!" So spoke West Virginia's Governor Hulett C. Smith earlier this year in urging his legislature to pass the toughest state law in the nation controlling strip mining for coal.

Strip mining is a simple, productive and inexpensive method of mining coal, both hard and soft; it accounts for one-third of the nation's total 500 million ton annual output. Big power shovels rip off the topsoil, then bite into the underlying seams to depths of more than 100 feet and load the coal onto trucks. But far too often, irresponsible strip miners, operating under ancient mineral-rights leases, have mined the land and simply moved on, leaving behind a fearful legacy of tormented earth. In West Virginia alone, strip miners are tearing up land at the rate of 6,000 acres a year, annually creating 240 miles of "high wall"—vertical cliffs of "overburden" (discarded earth and rock) that resist vegetation, frequently slide over onto adjacent homes and property.

Tighter Laws. Last week, by overwhelming votes of 98 to 1 in the house and 33 to 0 in the senate, the West Virginia legislature passed Governor Smith's bill. The new statute gives absolute authority over strip mining to the director of natural resources, taking it away from the state mines department, which has a reputation for favoring strippers. The law prohibits stripping

within 100 feet of any public road, stream, park, school or building. Strippers, when they apply for a mining permit, must now submit a detailed advance plan of how they intend to reclaim the mined land. They are further required to carry a minimum of \$50,000 liability insurance to cover damages from sliding overburden to any adjacent property owners, who may recover three times the actual damage.

In the absence of any federal legislation, the states have had to move on their own. Only eight of the 23 states in which strip miners operate have statutes requiring miners to reclaim their land; but the eight—Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Virginia—produce 80% of all strip-mined coal. And as the realization spreads of how badly strip mining destroys nature, the laws are getting tighter. Pennsylvania, for example, amended its existing law in 1963 to require that miners put everything back into the hole except the coal; Kentucky passed a similar measure last year.

Who Pays? Next the Federal Government is preparing to step in. After a year's study, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall will present President Johnson with his recommendations for federal legislation in May. His chief dilemma: who should pay to reclaim orphaned "spoil banks"—land that was stripped before there were any laws by miners who are no longer around. The Interior Department estimates that there are some 800,000 acres of barren, orphaned land in the twelve-state Appalachia region alone, pegs the cost of reclaiming them at \$250 million.

Turning Off

"You know what's going to happen, don't you?" Felix Donawa asks the pretty, 20-year-old heroin user. "You're going to be out on the street turning tricks." "Let me see your hands," demands another questioner. "No needle marks. Not yet, anyway. You're lucky so far," he continues, then grimly goes into the details of how addicts have to keep looking for new veins to shoot heroin into as old ones collapse. "How would you like it, having to shoot up in your neck?" "I wouldn't," mumbles the girl.

The scene took place last week in the office of a new Manhattan organization called Encounter, formed seven months ago in Greenwich Village by three young ex-addicts to combat the growing drug addiction among teenagers. The method is group therapy, and if the approach is brutal, so is the problem. Across the nation, teen-age addiction is soaring, and it is no longer confined to the slums. For in pills and pot and LSD today's teen-agers are finding not only an avenue of escape but a cool symbol of rebellion.

Bonnies & Goofballs. As increasing evidence of teen-age addiction is uncovered, a counter-revolution is beginning. Colleges, universities and high schools are suddenly eager for effective antidrug literature. Authorities agree that the young pre-addict is the one to zero in on. The problem is how to reach him. The new federal Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, which, with the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators, recently co-sponsored seven regional conferences, discovered that the difficulty most often cited by students and educators alike was lack of communication: today's teen-agers, rebelling against adult authority, turn off at the first hint of moralizing or preachment.

Part of BDAC's answer is to tap such teen-age idols as Paul Newman, whose hip and he-man manner make him an ideal narrator for its film *Bonnies and Goofballs*, some 200 copies of which are now circulating among schools and youth groups. Even more effective are hard-hitting documentary films in which the cameras simply train on the young addicts themselves. Almost every junior high school student in Boston, for example, has seen the movie *Hooked* at least once in the past two years. In the film, one teen-ager straightforwardly tells how she once stole her uncle's heart pills because of her craving for drugs; another recounts how his mother tried suicide when she learned of his habit.

In *Narcotics, Why Not?*, another documentary now being widely circulated, the camera focuses on a young boy as he breathes deeply from a paper bag full of airplane glue, then leans back and lets the bag drop from his limp hands; another shot shows police pulling



PARTIALLY RECLAIMED STRIP MINE IN ILLINOIS
Put it all back except the coal.



RE-ENACTING A BAD TRIP IN "LSD 25"
Brutal approach, brutal problem.

a dazed addict from behind the wheel of a smashed automobile.

The Games Addicts Play. Of all the different highs, the one that has gripped the imagination of teen-agers most is LSD. Says San Mateo, Calif., High School Superintendent Leon Lessinger: "The issue is LSD. Sooner or later you confront it." Lessinger himself was so shocked when he discovered at least 20 hard LSD users in his own affluent school district that he went out and raised \$21,000 to finance an anti-acid color documentary, now in the works, called *LSD 25*. Lessinger got his second shock when Film Maker David Parker asked the high school students whom they would trust as the narrator, got the reply, "Nobody."

"The only thing for addicts is ex-addicts," insists Lynn Sexton, 19, one of the founders of the Encounter program. "We know all the self-delusions and games addicts play, and the addicts feel we are sympathetic to the problem." For no matter how stark a film is, it is far less forceful than the impact of the face-to-face confrontations that are the key to Encounter's success. "I just tell them that almost every friend I had when I was on drugs is either dead or in jail," says another Encounter founder, Jan Stacy, 19.

So far, 20 teen-agers have enrolled in Encounter's program, and a dozen have already stopped taking drugs altogether. "We keep up the pressure," explains Brendan Sexton, 21, Lynn's husband and the third founder. "Our advantage is that we have been down that road too. We can say to them, 'Look, here we are, and believe it or not, it does pay off to face these problems.' Happiness is a big thing with these kids, and we tell them and show them that they can be happier without drugs."

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CINEMA

Not the Best, Not the Worst

Ulysses. James Joyce was movie crazy. In the days before his eyes went bad, he saw every film he could, and in 1909 he established and managed the first movie theater in Dublin. In composing *Ulysses*, the enormous, erudite and scandalous masterpiece that is one of the few great novels of the century, he consciously employed the techniques of cinema: long shot, closeup, flashback, dissolve, montage. The cinematic character of the novel was excitedly recognized by moviemakers, and down the years some of the best—among them Sergei Eisenstein and John Huston—have unsuccessfully undertaken the prodigious labor of getting *Ulysses* off the page and onto the screen.

The man who finally did the job is a director of avant-garde movies (*The Savage Eve*, *The Balcony*) named Joseph Strick, and the film he has made is hardly the mighty epic Joyce imagined.

in many places the effect is emetic, nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac." The judgment has become the consensus. Though the script omits none of the common obscenities and few of the seaborne episodes that made the book notorious, it had no trouble getting through customs and ran into very little civic opposition. Only 65 theater owners agreed to exhibit it, however, and as a precaution against censorship the initial run was limited to three days at advanced prices (\$4-\$5.50).

Director Strick, who bought the screen rights four years ago for \$75,000, originally wanted to make a *Ulysses* trilogy. "But the bankers," he says, "treated me like a nut case, so I decided to settle for one picture." Necessary though it was, Strick's decision can be blamed for much of what is wrong with the film. Joyce can be blamed for the rest; he presents a moviemaker with formidable problems. *Ulysses* is one of the most complex literary compositions

that a director do with such supererogatory skimble-scramble? A great director—an Eisenstein or a Fellini—would no doubt have challenged comparison with Joyce by boldly transforming his words into images. Director Strick has preserved on his sound track as many of Joyce's words as he could, but most of the time he has used the images as a lecturer uses slides: simply to illustrate what is being said. Often the illustrations are inept. Joyce was half blind, and his Dublin is a city dimly seen but fantastically imagined. Strick's Dublin, however, is the ordinary place that shows up on postcards—even when Bloom sinks into parodic delusions of grandeur, the images in his fantasies remain invincibly normal and unexciting. The images, in effect, are afterthoughts: the film is essentially a book that several people are reading aloud.

Strick omits most of Joyce's well-worded obscenities ("met him pike's hollies for Raoul"), but makes telling use of the author's dry Irish drolleries ("weather as uncertain as a child's bottom"). He also gets some gross guffaws



JEFFORD & O'SHEA IN "ULYSSES"

Necessary decisions, but very little of the voice and its whilom music.

In a show-business sense it is only a little old black-and-white movie, brought in for less than \$1,000,000 and played by a group of actors no better known in the U.S. than any man jack in the Dublin telephone directory. It offers the spectator about as much of Joyce's "chaffering all-including most farraginous chronicle" as a two-hour stopover at Shannon would offer him of Ireland. It is honest, mildly sensational, and for the most part intelligent: a pictorial précis of the novel that may not be the best but is certainly far from the worst movie version imaginable.

One of the main charges that will probably be made against the film is that it is more careful to preserve the glands of the book than it is to sustain its heart. But a bowdlerized *Ulysses* would be unimaginable. The book, which first came to prominence in the '20s as one of those shocking things published in Paris, grew into a legend, even for people who never read it, when its U.S. publication was sanctioned in 1933 by Judge John M. Woolsey's celebrated decision: "Whilst

in modern times: a short story that exploded into a veritable *summum* of 30 centuries of Western culture. Most of the leading European languages, ancient and modern, and 18 different literary modes are merged in the amazing Joycean jargon—all of them so repetitively punctuated with wordplays that the book resembles a giant pun cushion.

On the naturalistic plane, the story is relatively easy to adapt. It merely describes in numbingly minute detail a few ordinary things that happen on June 16, 1904, in the lives of three people in Dublin: a young poet-teacher named Stephen Dedalus (Maurice Roeves), a middle-aged Jewish ad salesman named Leopold Bloom (Milo O'Shea) and Bloom's erogenous wife Molly (Barbara Jefford). Joyce overlaid his simple story with symbolic parallels, some mythological and some psychological, that are more difficult to photograph. Stephen, for example, is Telemachus; Bloom is Ulysses; Molly is Penelope, and the events of the day correspond, in ways both witty and profound, with the episodes of Homer's *Odyssey*.

with Joyce's dirty jokes, among them Molly's assertion that oral sex practices can cause a woman to grow a mustache. As for the people who read the roles, most of them are recruited from the Abbey Theater, and they ring true as Irish shillings—particularly Actor O'Shea, whose Bloom is an ironic portrait of a man who doesn't quite know his place but continually gets put in it.

Many of the best parts of Joyce's book are missing. Since Strick has only 140 minutes at his disposal, he devotes most of it to the principal episodes: Stephen's soliloquy on the beach, Bloom's trip to Paddy Dignam's funeral, Bloom's brangle with the one-eyed Fenian in Kiernan's pub, Bloom's meeting with Stephen at Buck Mulligan's brawl, the nocturnal visit of Bloom and Stephen to Bella Cohen's brothel. Molly Bloom's magnificent end-spur of soliloquacity.

Even the central scenes, said to say, have been slashed for the sake of speech till nothing of the psychomimetic significance remains and very little of the Joyce voice and its whilom Irish music. For those who have the patience and



STEPHEN (ROEVES) ON THE BEACH

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A black and white photograph of a pregnant woman and her young daughter. The woman, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a floral patterned dress. She is looking down at her pregnant belly. Her young daughter, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a light-colored top. She is looking up at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

If you're expecting a baby,
here's the best news of 1967

Never before has medical science been so well equipped to safeguard mothers and babies—to help make birth so free of risk, so free of pain, so rewarding in result.

Many advances in both prenatal and hospital care have made this possible. For example, a properly balanced diet throughout the months before birth keeps up a woman's vitality and helps assure her baby's normal development, too.

Nutritional deficiencies sometimes associated with pregnancy have all but disappeared now that physicians prescribe vitamins and minerals essential to the health of mothers and babies.

Equally important, more and more women now have their babies in hospitals where so many safeguards surround mother and child.

New and better medicines have also helped bring about today's happy outlook for mothers and babies. Many of these medicines were developed by Parke-Davis through years of research in the fields of nutrition, hormones and pain relief.

PARKE-DAVIS

the intellectual equipment to read it, the novel is something very like a revelation; the film is not much more than a titillating tale intoned like the Gospel according to Joyce.

Black + White = Grey

Hurry Sundown is a gigantic masquerade in which the participants put on two things: a Southern accent and the audience. Based on K. B. Gildon's 1965 bestseller, *Hurry Sundown* examines Georgia's effluent society after World War II. Its focus is the fortunes and follies of the Warren family, a sorry collection of scapergaces and scapegoats. Henry, played by England's Michael Caine with a surprisingly plausible spoon-bread locution, is a draft-dodging mongrel. He aims to become a real estate mogul by grabbing passels of farm land from his soldier-cousin Rad (John Phillip Law) and his Negro neighbor, Reeve (Robert Hooks).

Henry has an infallible touch for ruining whatever he comes near. Even his own little boy becomes a psychotic Oedipus wreck. Sin-burned by Henry's faults, his wife (Jane Fonda) leaves him, heading to the Menninger Clinic with their maimed son. Impotent with rage, Henry dynamites his cousin's farm, accidentally killing one of Rad's boys. Rad and Reeve combine to rebuild the land—a union of black and white that seems grey and unconvincing.

Obviously, *Hurry Sundown* was intended as a paean to racial justice, but Producer-Director Otto Preminger chooses strange ways to display his big brotherhood. One sequence shows Negro sharecroppers singing a white-eyed hallelujah number reminiscent of those '40s films that pretended to liberalize but patently patronized. Two hours of such cinematic clichés make the viewer intolerant of everyone in the film, regardless of race, creed or color.

Time to Retire

A *Countess from Hong Kong* is probably the best movie ever made by a 77-year-old man. Unhappily, it is the worst ever made by Charlie Chaplin.

A substandard shipboard farce that Chaplin wrote, directed and briefly appears in, *Countess* presents Marlon Brando as a U.S. diplomat with a fortune in oil, and Sophia Loren as a White Russian prostitute with a heart of gold. They meet in Hong Kong, and when his ship sinks she stows away in his state-room. For the rest of the show the principals spil some of the most hilariously awful dialogue the screen has presented since sound tracks replaced title cards. Items: "Common harlot! Are you trying to ruin my career?" "You won't believe me when I tell you that this is the first real happiness I've known."

Countess is bad enough to make a new generation of moviegoers wonder what the Chaplin cult was all about. It serves as a melancholy reminder that an important part of being a champ is knowing when to retire.

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BOOKS

Everytown

THE EIGHTH DAY by Thornton Wilder. 435 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

For a man of his age (69), Thornton Wilder's total literary output is small—six novels, four full-length plays. But if it is not a three-foot shelf, it bears witness to an original mind and a remarkable skill—*The Skin of Our Teeth*, *Our Town* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* are genuine American classics.

Wilder has always insisted that he is not a writer but a teacher. He is both, of course. *The Eighth Day*, his first novel in 18 years, combines his special



THORNTON WILDER
Victim of the ooze.

gift for evoking what is warmly sentimental in the American character with his favorite notions about the universality of human nature. But where Wilder's prose was honed to succinct statements of affirmation in the past, it is now lengthened and pedantic. His lyrical qualities are diffused, his plot ambiguous and his theme labyrinthine.

Hero-Victim. "In the early summer of 1902," begins Wilder, "John Barrington Ashley of Coaltown, a small mining center in southern Illinois, was tried for the murder of Breckenridge Lansing, also of Coaltown. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Five days later, at 1 in the morning of Tuesday, July 22, he escaped from his guards on the train that was carrying him to his execution."

Expanding from this simple outline, Wilder embarks on a meandering parable of Good (Ashley) v. Evil (Lansing), that reaches into the genealogies of both men and their families as well as giving a detailed geographic and geologic history of the region. Ashley is fearless and worldly; yet he is a sim-

ple innocent, a hero-victim in mankind's headlong flight from the primal ooze. Lansing is a Babbitt, successful in business, boastful and bullying—a man who stands in direct contrast to the Ashleys of this world.

Slowly, Wilder traces out the threads in the fabric of Lansing's life and his near-redemption; of Ashley, rescued from his prison train by a mysterious band of unarmed intruders; of the Lansing and Ashley children, and their children, until they are all sewed into meaningful stitches in God's (or Wilder's) design.

Hanging On. And there lies the trouble. The reader is only told, usually as an aside, that Daughter Lily Ashley becomes an opera star, that Daughter Constance Ashley becomes a suffragette, that Son Roger Ashley becomes a great financial success. Wherever the narrative demands a crucial, emotional confrontation, the author turns remote, reverts to brief explorations of life's enduring verities; and the reader is deprived of vital particulars. It is as if, viewing events from Olympus, Wilder sees the marvel of life but not the movement. The people of Coaltown, U.S.A.—Everytown, Universe—love, latter, hate, do good and deal in injustice, and carry on through eternity, still hanging on by the skin of their teeth, improving themselves a little as they go. In an old-fashioned mixture of Christian teaching and evolution, Dr. Gillies, Coaltown's resident philosopher, explains that each of the seven days of God's creation represents millions of years and that the present represents only the beginning of the second week: "We are children of the eighth day."

History, concludes Wilder, "is one tapestry. No eye can venture to compare more than a hand's-breadth. There is much talk of a design in the arras. Some are certain they see it. Some see what they have been told to see. Some remember that they saw it once but have lost it. Some are strengthened by seeing a pattern wherein the oppressed and the exploited of the earth are gradually emerging from their bondage. Some find strength in the conviction that there is nothing to see. Some."

By leaving that last word adangle, Wilder presses home his conviction that man's story is unending and that come what may, man will prevail. The thought is unarguable, but its demonstration leaves the reader with characters who are merely symbols and a story that is an abstraction. After visiting Coaltown, readers may want to hop a fast freight to Grover's Corners, the setting of *Our Town*, whose scale was smaller but whose philosophy seemed almost as tangible as its strawberry sodas. Thornton Wilder remains engaging, thoughtful, a man to meet. Yet in this book, one longs for more substance, more authentic heart, more

Lost Magic

FATHERS by Herbert Gold. 308 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

Herbert Gold's "novel in the form of a memoir" is nostalgic enough to revive the lost magic of the 1930s for all who grew up with "Ovaltine Birthstone & Good Luck Rings . . . Joe Louis . . . black Fords with NRA stickers . . . tops from Ralston boxes to send away as a mark of esteem for Tom Mix." Novelist Gold (*Therefore Be Bold*) writes with fine irony, a strong sense of the absurd, and at times with the cynical insight accumulated by a perceptive man in 43 years of watching the shell game.

Then why is the sum total of *Fathers* considerably less biting than its com-

MICHAEL ALEXANDER



HERBERT GOLD
Insight into the shell game.

ponent parts promise? First, Gold's immigrant-in-America story has been over-worked in the past; it is almost a tedious commonplace, for example, that yet another nice Jewish girl breaks tradition and marries a *goy*. Second, the author sees his characters through a nostalgic mist so thick as to preclude more than a fleeting glimpse of evil. Even racketeers emerge as loving family men who take hard candies home to the kiddies.

Ghetto Gold. The narrator is but one of several fathers—and the least successful in that role. The most heroic is his father, Sam Gold, who took his name from what the streets of America were reportedly paved with and left his native Russian village against the will of his own father. Sam Gold is traced from the pre-World War I ghetto in New York to Cleveland; from water boy to cigar maker to pushcart vendor to green-grocer to successful real estate speculator. A prodigious worker, he conquers the New World through the marketplace and adjusts to the traumas of his family's assimilation. He emerges tough,

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pragmatic, and optimistic beyond the comprehension of his sons.

How did the father—and the fathers before him, afflicted with czarist terrors and pogroms—endure? Not merely endure, but possess the heart and the will to make “something that extends further than time, that weighs more than fate”? Those fathers were better men than he, the narrator says. Divorced, he reflects that his own children “are left to find their own security and their own definitions of success, as my father did; out of the indecision and crippling which fate has given them. Fair enough; they are back in history, true to their fathers.”

Basis in Fact. The author’s childhood years, with their moments of naked understanding and their eons of illusion, come across best. The character sketches are deft and pleasing. The narrator says about his mother: “While she was thinking she wept a little, just so the thinking shouldn’t go to waste.” And about Sam Gold’s lieutenant in the shop, Myrna, a great robust woman who tempts the boss into carnal misbehavior: “Two husbands had already died under her, and one had fled.” If that isn’t pure gold, it is at least pure Gold.

“This is a book I have been writing all my life,” the author says. “Like all novels, this one has a basis in fact, and perhaps more of a basis in fact than some. Like the name ‘Gold,’ which is an imaginary name, this is an imaginary story. And real. And twice imaginary.” And, it might be added, worthwhile despite its sentimental shortcomings. For even if similar tales have been told, few have been told with Gold’s skill, his sense of personal involvement, or his understanding of the vagaries of history that shape fathers and sons through the generations.

Intercontinental Op

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS edited by Joseph Wechsberg. 340 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$6.95.

Most survivors of Hitler’s death camps want nothing more than penance: to forget the horror of the war years and leave revenge to God or Israeli agents. Not so Vienna-based Simon Wiesenthal, 59, the dogged detective of genocide who, since he walked out of the Mauthausen concentration camp in May 1945, has run the earth 800 Nazi war criminals, including Adolf Eichmann and, most recently, the wartime commander of the Treblinka and Sobibor death camps, Franz Stangl (TIME, March 10). In this calmly chilling memoir, Wiesenthal contrasts monstrous murderers with gumshoe detective techniques in a manner as spare and striking as anything Dashiell Hammett wrote. Where Hammett’s world was big-city crime, Wiesenthal’s is the broad scope of human injustice and horror: he becomes a kind of Intercontinental Op.

His first target was Franz Murer, “the Butcher of Wilno,” under whose



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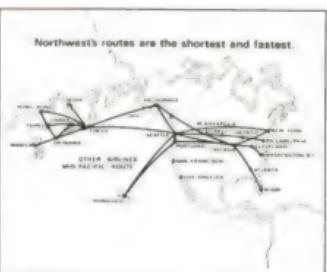


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WIESENTHAL VIEWING GAS "SHOWERS"

Plenty of "clients" at large.

aegis the Jewish population of the Lithuanian town was reduced from 80,000 to 250. Wiesenthal found him quite by accident in 1947: the ex-SS commissar was living on his prewar farm near Linz. Alerted by Jewish ex-partisans that a big Nazi was in the neighborhood, Wiesenthal checked with the local gendarmerie. "The post commander was an old man with a drooping white mustache, probably a relic from the good old Habsburg days. We asked about the big farm on the hill. 'Belongs to Murer. He was in Poland and Russia during the war. He's very popular around the village,'" Wiesenthal managed to get Murer shipped back to Russia for a seven-year prison term.

Complicated Clients. The pursuit of other targets was always complicated by the expertise with which ODESSA—the Nazi escape apparatus set up and financed by the SS—slipped fugitives out of Europe after the war. One who did not go far was Erich Rajakowitsch, who in 1942 headed Eichmann's Section IV B4 ("death transports") in Holland. Wiesenthal finally found "Raja" in Italy, where he was heading a firm that traded profitably in oil pipelines and engines with the East bloc. Sentenced in Vienna to 25 years, Raja was quietly released six months later.

Wiesenthal himself is not upset by the short prison terms that his "clients" receive. He is more concerned that the world—particularly the postwar generation of Jews and Germans who find Hitler's genocide hard to believe—realizes that there were, and still are, SS killers at large. He believes that young Germans, wary of the sentimentality in the

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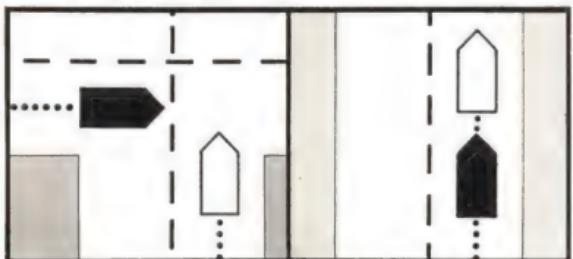
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follows you too close, don't speed up. Slow down a little and encourage him to pass. Remember, being in the right isn't enough. You could be dead right.



Watch out for the other guy!



Anne Frank story, were unconvinced that the entire tragedy really happened until he located Karl Silberbauer, the SS sergeant who arrested Anne Frank, and identified him as an inspector in the Viennese police department. Silberbauer readily admitted his role. Asked if he had read the diary, he told a reporter: "Bought the little book last week to see if I'm in it. But I'm not."

Doing Nicely, Silberbauer was reprimanded, and is now back on the Vienna force. Explains Wiesenthal: "Compared to other names in my files, Silberbauer is a nobody, a zero." Other names in Wiesenthal's at-large list go far beyond zero. They include Dr. Josef Mengele, Hitler's geneticist, who tried to turn the world blue-eyed for Aryanism by means of painful ocular injections; he is now reported by Wiesenthal to be hiding in Paraguay. Biggest fish still at large, though, is Deputy Führer Martin Bormann, now 66, who Wiesenthal claims is not only alive but doing quite nicely in Brazil. Says Wiesenthal with mock resignation: "No country will want to attempt a second Eichmann case. Bormann will come to his end some day, and the West German reward of 100,000 marks [\$25,000] will never be paid." After a book like this, maybe it will.

Character Witness

TALES OF MANHATTAN by Louis Auchincloss. 304 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95.

Readers resort to Louis Auchincloss with much the same misgivings that sensible men feel when they resort to the law. A New York lawyer as well as an author, he has the distinction of inventing fictional clients who write their own verdict of guilty—"guilty with an explanation," as they say in day court. Moreover, their usual character witness—Auchincloss himself—is the kind who lets the cat out of the bag and the client into the pen.

The tales in *Tales of Manhattan* are based on events in the firm of Arnold & Degener, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza. The fictional partnership that handles this work could be called Maupassant, Maugham, Cozzens & Auchincloss. This firm is choosy about cases: any messy divorce work is discreetly referred to O'Hara, O'Hara, O'Hara & O'Hara, 10 North Frederick Street, Gibbstown, Pa.

Gilded Gaggle. Auchincloss specializes in a man's estate rather than the estate of man, demonstrating that the three disgraces of Gotham are to be 1) dead broke, 2) alive and broke, and 3) a member of the undeserving rich.

The familiar Auchincloss lawyer and stockbroker characters are joined in this collection by two ancillary types: an auctioneer who casts a cold eye on objects left by the rich dead, and "the matrons," a gilded gaggle of rich old gorgons who hold the purse strings of family fortunes like bowstrings about the necks of their grandchildren. These

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A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start. These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps,
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characters are all united by money—not the new vulgar stuff that was extruded by the bull markets of the '50s and '60s, but the old stable commodity collected in the Civil War. It is the kind of money that nourished Manhattan town houses, cottages at the Cape, boxes at the Met, and others at Woodlawn or Sleepy Hollow cemeteries.

The Moon and Six Guineas is a brittle-brutal study of a once fashionable painter, John Howland, a "Bostonian and Mayflower descendant, educated at Dixwell Latin School and Harvard." He made his first mistake in becoming an artist; his second was to leave—together with his corny canvases—a portfolio of pornographic sketches. His daughter and heir destroy this *Back Bay smut*. The Auchincloss irony? That the smut just might have restored the reputation of Howland's square work in today's crooked intellectual auction room.

In *The Club Bedroom*, Auchincloss illustrates the dreadful fate that awaits a poor working girl who marries into a top family, and who expects kith, kin or anyone else to respect her unspeakable class predicament. She loses her room at the woman's club. A Harvard-Yardley soap opera.

The collection of such stories, intricate in pattern, flat in surface, should be called *Entails of Manhattan*. Within his esthetic code, Auchincloss tells the truth and nothing but the truth. But he does not tell the whole truth, which can be dismissed as irrelevant, immaterial—and harder to write.

What the Public Will Buy

EDGAR CAYCE: THE SLEEPING PROPHET by Jess Stearn. 280 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Kentuckian Edgar Cayce was a semi-literate health evangelist who boasted miraculous curative and prophetic powers. He died at 67 in 1945, unsung except by a few equally obscure biographers. Freelance Author Jess Stearn has rediscovered Cayce, and strains mightily to prove that his batting average was close to 100%.

Perhaps Cayce (pronounced Casey) should not be judged yet, since all the returns are not in. Readers are therefore put on the alert. Cayce said that China would become Christian and democratic by 1968, that Los Angeles and Manhattan Island would vanish into the sea by 1998, and that a non-Communist Russia will become the "hope of the world."

In the faith-healing department, Cayce recommended one or two almonds a day as a cancer preventive, peanut-oil massage for diabetics and, to relieve fatigue, foot baths in hot coffee brewed from used grounds. Stearn arrays—or arraigns—a host of witnesses, almost none of them named, who were snatched from certain decay by the diagnoses that Cayce delivered in his trances.

If Edgar Cayce ever performed a miracle, this book is it. It's No. 3 this week on the bestseller list.





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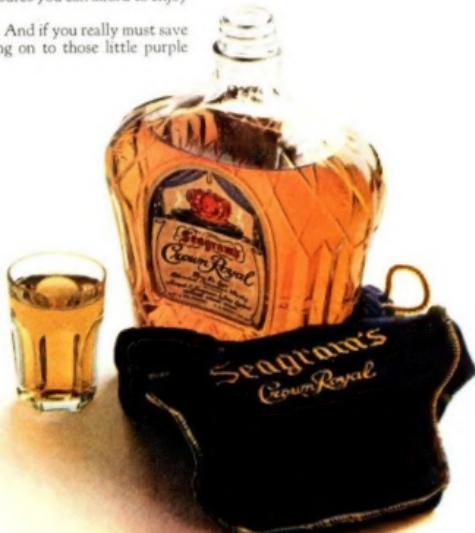
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